

The Front Page

WE HAVE a feeling that there is a profound significance in the latest utterance of the Hon. Mitchell Hepburn, without being able to say confidently that we know exactly what it is. Mr. Jolliffe, the young and fiery leader of the Ontario C.C.F., has been criticizing the actions of one of the Canadian Governments, and Mr. Hepburn has been taking him to task. "I hope that when he gets a little more mature," said Mr. Hepburn on Tuesday, "he will realize that we have plenty to do fighting the enemy without fighting among ourselves."

If these words refer only to Mr. Jolliffe (who happens to be the leader of a party which might conceivably take a number of seats away from both Mr. Hepburn and Col. Drew whenever there is an election in Ontario) they are not of tremendous import. But they may go a lot further. They may refer to all young and fiery leaders who are getting a little more mature. And they may in that event mark a change in the whole character of the political situation in Canada.

To a Grand Strategy

THERE are beginning to be indications that there are people high up in Ottawa who have some inkling of the need for an economic grand strategy for Canada, which was set forth in an article in our July 25 issue. If such a strategy develops, it will apparently centre on the operations of the manpower authority of which Mr. E. M. Little is the chief. Mr. Little has enormous powers, and it looks as if he were going to bring them to bear with tact and caution, but steadily, increasingly, and in the long run pretty completely. And it looks also as if he were able to see a great deal more than the mere matter of getting men and jobs together.

One of the things which Mr. Little's organization is clearly going to put among the foremost of its considerations is the relation of the working man (or woman) to his (or her) housing accommodation. This is a most valuable addition to the wisdom of governmental economic policy, and on a point which has been almost completely ignored except in the "Bits and Pieces" program of Munitions and Supply. Effective industry requires (1) a worker, (2) a plant for him to work in, and (3) a habitation of some sort for him to live in. In wartime the necessary industrial operations are largely new, and require new types of plant and machinery; the first consideration is always to supply these, and the question of location tends to be governed by the consideration of the plant owner's working costs. It is assumed that labor can be brought to any place where there is a plant that needs it; and to a large extent it can. But labor must not only be brought to the plant, it must also be housed; and it seems to have dawned on Mr. Little that building new houses or dormitories or what-have-you because the plant has been located in a place where these are lacking is very poor planning in the middle of a terrific war. We think it may be assumed that in its future expansion Canada's wartime industry will be taught to go where there are potential workers complete with homes and stores and gardens and all the other attachments of Canadian life—and if some item of our war equipment costs half of one per cent more in consequence the money will in our opinion be extremely well spent.

A widening of the view of a single one among the government's many control agencies will not, however, achieve all that is needed in the way of economic grand strategy, if other control agencies operate their controls with different views and along conflicting lines. Mr. Little functions under the Department of Labor. He could, if he felt so inclined, throttle with a labor shortage an industry which was favored by the priorities authority, under another Ministry, with a good supply of essential materials, while the priorities authority was throttling one of Mr. Little's labor-supplied



The Hon. James Lorimer Ilsey, Minister of Finance, will go down in history as the man who made Canadians reduce their standard of living and like it. A tremendous worker, he seems to have got through his heaviest session with no worse result than a more grimly set mouth. This is his latest portrait, taken a few days ago.

Photo by Karsb, Ottawa.

industries by depriving it of materials. We do not think this will happen by intention, nor that it will happen at all generally even by oversight; but we wish we were more convinced that things will be so arranged that it cannot happen—that the labor supply and the material supply will always be so coordinated that no activity will be held up for lack of one element when the other is plentiful.

The government has all the compulsive powers that it can possibly need, and will not be grudging even more if it finds it still needs more; but the country does desire to feel that these powers are being exercised in accordance with a single plan, and that no inter-depart-

mental jealousies or misunderstandings are causing them to work at cross purposes. And there will be no assurance that this is the case until one Minister has responsibility for all the economic controls that the country needs. The public will call him a czar, but if he is able and determined the public will love him for being a czar.

Parliament is Unwept

PARLIAMENT has risen, and will not sit again, unless unexpected events intervene, until the middle of January. The Government, with powers in its hands such as no Canadian

Bumping The Ceiling

See article by G. C. Whittaker on page 28

Government has ever before dreamed of, is left to carry on the business of the country without discussion or criticism (except by the press) for nearly six months. And yet there has been no sign this week of the demand, which was widespread last year, for more continuous sessions.

The explanation is that Parliament has lost the interest, and to no small extent the confidence, of the country; and it has done so chiefly by making itself the unresisting tool of the Government. The majority public opinion in the English-speaking parts of the country unquestionably believes that the country's war effort could be intensified, and has set its mind upon a particular method of intensification as symbolical of what it desires. It is profoundly disappointed, not so much at the failure of the Government to give it what it desires, but at the failure of the House of Commons to represent its desires. It feels that the Government is able to wield a virtual dictatorship over the House through the dexterous use of its political machinery—through its possession of an unprecedented number of Senate and other appointments, many of them long vacant, through its powers of censorship, through its economic controls, and above all, through its supposed ability to command a dissolution of the House at will. And in such a condition it naturally does not much care whether the House sits or not, since if it sits it will merely register its assent to whatever the Government does.

Except in regard to its financial and economic policies, the Government is further away from the electorate than it has ever been. It is the business of the Commons to keep it close to the electorate. The Commons has failed to perform that business, which is a bad thing both for the Government and for Parliament.

The Chaloult Case

WE FIND Judge Archambault's decision in the Chaloult case extremely puzzling, and consider it regrettable that it is not to be appealed by the Dominion authorities who laid the charge. The judge described the Chaloult speech as being a violation of article 39 of D.C.R., but as being excepted by article 39B on the ground of good faith. But 39B does not except for good faith alone; it excepts only when the accused proves that he intended in good faith "merely to criticize or to point out errors or defects in the government of Canada or any province thereof, or in either House of Parliament of Canada or in any legislature, or in the administration of justice." Mr. Chaloult's chief offence was that of saying that one has to search with a magnifying-glass to find any British troops engaged in battle against the Axis powers; and we share the Montreal Gazette's inability to see what errors or defects in the government of Canada or a province or the administration of justice were being pointed out in that utterance.

Mr. Chaloult's other utterance cited by his prosecutor we find it hard to regard as a proper cause for prosecution. He is reported to have said that he hoped "that after this war we shall break the ties that bind us to England." We have a sort of feeling that Mr. Chaloult is entitled to hope that, and to say that he hopes it, even in time of war and under the Defence of Canada Regulations. We think that he has a thoroughly incorrect conception of what those ties are, but so have a vast number of Canadians of all races and politics. We think he has only the vaguest notion of what the breaking of those ties would mean. We doubt whether he realizes that the Crown is practically the only tie left today, except the moral and spiritual but not constitutional tie which is to be found in the hearts of that great majority of Canadians who do not share Mr. Chaloult's aspiration. We doubt whether he

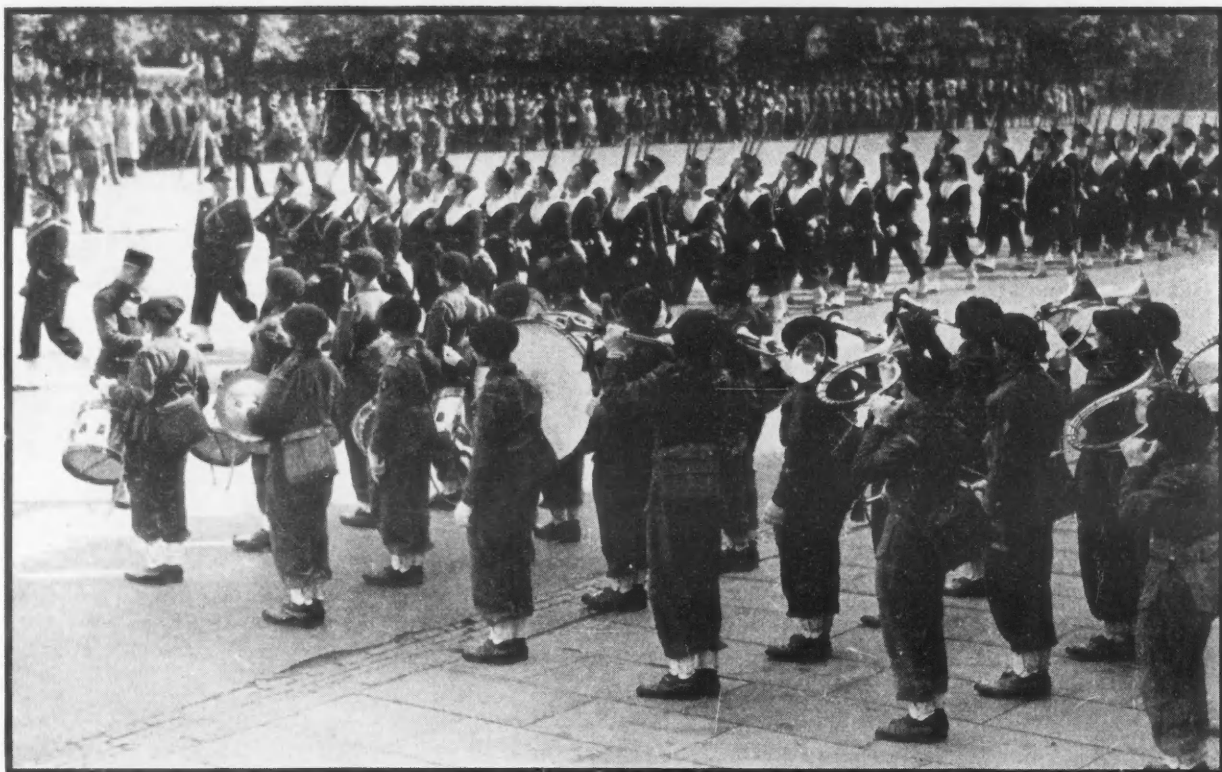
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The 153rd anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, birthday of France's freedom was celebrated with special parades by the forces of Free France everywhere. The scene pictured above is in London and shows Free French marines on inspection parade before their leader, Gen. de Gaulle.



General de Gaulle and the members of the French National Committee are cheered as they reach Victoria Station, London, on Bastille Day to place a wreath on the statue of Marshal Foch, Allied Commander in the first Great War. Enthusiastic Londoners made their progress difficult.



At Wellington Barracks: Gen. de Gaulle inspects a Free French commando unit on Bastille Day.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Too Narrow Freedom

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM a clergyman writing about politics, but I think it is high time we mingled a little religion with our politics as well as a little ethics with our business.

I take issue with Mr. Macdonnell's statement, "the party system can only function effectively if the difference between the parties still leaves them sufficiently close to fit into a single political and economic system."

This statement, no doubt, is the major premise of the policies of both the Liberal and Conservative parties, but at the same time it is the stumbling-block of democracy. It accounts for the lack of initiative demonstrated by our political leaders, who are restricted by certain things so sacrosanct that even the plain needs of the people cannot be met, even the most obvious problems cannot be solved, because our political leaders cannot go beyond the limits set by business. War has changed all this, but Mr. Macdonnell writes of the politics of peace and urges that these taboos be restored after the war is over.

Let us look at this premise of the policies of the major parties. What are these things so sacrosanct that they cannot be altered by government? Certain of them have been set up by constitution. Religion is one thing that government must not meddle with. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." But what the writer has in mind is not freedom of conscience, or any other right of individuals, but rather the right of business. It is the economic system that government must not touch. Significantly it was a coin representing the economic system that our Lord handed over to Caesar.

"The commonest error in politics is sticking to the carcasses of dead policies," said Lord Salisbury. This has been the tragic story of the policies of the British and Canadian governments since the last war. Not only in war but in peace also, what we have done about the major problems facing our people has been "too little and too late." Most particularly has this been true of the economic and industrial needs of our people.

Democracy is supposed to be free government. It should therefore preserve the freedom of the people as much as is consistent with the safety of the state. But the mistake our politicians have consistently been making has been in their narrow definition of freedom. Freedom to choose between a Liberal or a Conservative candidate has become a joke. The war has brought forth some fine statements on the subject of freedom by different statesmen of the world, but Canadian politicians have been slow to catch the vision of the wider freedom for which we are fighting. There are many kinds of freedom. Freedom from want is a thing which we must realize is much more important than freedom to vote for one of two candidates nominated by business interests.

Dartmouth, N.S.

J. E. DEWOLF.

The Future of Parties

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN HIS proposals for a rejuvenated Conservative party in Canada, Mr. J. M. Macdonnell has made no reference to the all-important factor of political morality as a prime essential to the winning of the confidence of the people of the Dominion in general.

I am today an adherent of no political party, and in fact no longer regard it as a duty to poll my vote at either federal or provincial elections. Why waste time in casting a solitary vote among the vast majority of others that have been sold to the highest bidder for cash, or its supposed equivalent in promises of future personal benefit under the pernicious spoils system?

Unless the proposed new Conservative party is to take as the main plank of its platform a complete

cleansing of the present malodorous electoral system, and an equally complete throwing overboard of the unjustifiable theory that to the victor belong the spoils, it is better for it to remain in its present weak condition, for the time must surely be at hand when the electors of Canada will rise in their might, and destroy the whole method of party government as we have it today. No matter what the change may be, it can only be for the better.

H. K. S. HEMMING,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Conscientious Objectors

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I SHOULD like to correct two impressions given by Lucy Vini in her letter on conscientious objectors now serving under the British Columbia Forest Service. These are not all Mennonites, though perhaps a majority are. Many are here in spite of the fact that the churches to which they belong take a very different view of war from their own. The Ontario contingent with which I came to B.C. included nine members of the United Church of Canada, which has been supporting the war effort with vigor.

It is not true that none of the men "have even handled a woodman's axe." A large proportion are farmers and handle an axe with dexterity. As a city lad I have already received many a practical hint from these men of the soil.

If there is any lack of enthusiasm, it may be due to the conditions of the service. Medical rating, and the importance of one's ordinary occupation to the national economy, do not count here. Men with medical ratings as low as C2 are doing their eight hours of daily work. The pay is 50 cents per day, out of which work clothing must be bought, and there is no dependents' allowance, although many have wives, sisters or mothers with no other means of support. And finally, no leaves of over 36 hours are permitted, so that few of these several hundred men will see their loved ones before the end of the war.

But true Christians are not grumblers, and I can speak for the great majority of us when I say that we are determined to make the most of the opportunity that is ours to serve our country as our consciences will allow, and to benefit from the wealth of experience which the work affords.

DONALD M. EWING,
Camp G.T. 3, Vedder Crossing, B.C.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor

P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor

WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor

N. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland \$3.00 per year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, \$3.00 per year; all other countries \$4.00 per year. Single copies 10c.

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Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL: New Birk's Bldg.
NEW YORK: Room 512 101 Park Ave.
E. R. MILLING - Business Manager
C. T. CROUCHER - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. FOY - Circulation Manager

Vol. 57, No. 48

Whole No. 2578

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

realizes that the moral and spiritual tie cannot be broken, and that the breaking of the tie with the Crown would merely convert us into a republic—or a totalitarian state. And he is not to be blamed for these failures of vision; he has probably been reading Professor Frank Scott on British tyranny in Canada.

The Revolution

IF ANY Canadian still labors under the delusion that he is not living through a revolution, we beg to call to his attention the latest addition to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board Regulations, ordered by the Governor General in Council on June 16, 1942, but oddly enough, and doubtless for some good and sufficient legal reason (probably connected with retroactivity), promulgated to the public in the *Canada Gazette* of July 4 under the heading "At the Government House at Ottawa, Saturday, the 1st day of November, 1941," and under the number P.C. 8528. The date named, we may add, is really the date of P.C. 8527, the previous revision of the regulations, to which the new regulation is no doubt to be extended backwards.

The revolutionary item to which we refer reads as follows: "In the event of any conflict between these regulations or any order, and any law in force in any part of Canada, the provisions of these regulations or of such order shall prevail." So far as they may extend, the regulations repeal any law of the Dominion or of a province with which they come into conflict. Only that and nothing more.

We are not complaining. We were a bit staggered when we first read it, but we are not complaining. There is much in the Criminal Code, the Combines Investigation Act, and the property and civil rights legislation of the provinces, which was designed to function in a very different sort of economy from that in

MATER DOLOROSA

A Vesper Hymn

MOTHER of God, our refuge in distress,
Who once held Jesus in Thy sweet caress,
Thou art a guide and lantern to our feet—
Lady most perfect, Sainthood most complete.

Thou whose dear eyes beheld the Infant Face
And kissed those hands the treasury of Grace,
Behold Thy children struggling through the night
And shed on us the beams of heavenly light.

From age to age the shadow of the Cross
Falls on the world and turns its gold to dross.
Mother of Pity and Incarnate Love
Guide us through sorrow to our home above.
Quebec, Que. FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

which we now find ourselves. So far as this old legislation interferes with the directed economy in which we are now working, it must be got rid of. This is a handy way of getting rid of it, and goes no further than necessary. You cannot, for example, order manufacturers to combine and at the same time prosecute them for combining; and at the moment we want them to combine, and we want the government to have power to order them to combine.

But the war may last quite a while yet, and the post-war emergency period is likely to last quite a bit longer, and after a few years of getting along without any anti-combine legislation and with very few provincial laws affecting business operations we may find that we have got used to it, and that a new system has developed which will be just as difficult to get rid of as—indeed more difficult to get rid of than—the system that we had in 1939. It is going to be awfully difficult to tell business men that on July 2, 1942, it will suddenly become unlawful to do what up to June 30 of that same year it was unlawful not to do. We therefore feel confident that this is a revolution.

The revolution, we may add, distresses us less than it will a good many people, because we have always held that the British North America Act intended Commerce, internal as well as external, to be a subject for the Dominion and not for the provinces, so that in this particular respect the Dominion is merely



HOW MUCH FOR THIS LOT?

getting, under the pressure of great necessity and the pretext of "emergency powers," what it should have had in the first place. The result should be a long step forward in the making of Canada into a nation.

"I, James Blunt"

HOW would you like to have burglars in the house, not for an hour, but permanently? How would you like to have burglars in every house, in every shop, in every bank and trust company and insurance office, buying from everybody with false money, raping your wife and daughters, taking your little children away to train them in burglary? That's German Occupation; an exact definition, which will be approved by the people of Paris, Warsaw, Prague and Athens, and ten thousand other communities.

For three years men who know have been trying to drive home the dirty fact by voice and pen, but the ears of too many Canadians are filled with wax and their eyesight isn't good. And Parliament debates and debates, content that nothing like that can happen here. *The hell it can't!*

H. V. Morton who wrote *In Search of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and Wales*, and who followed the footsteps of St. Paul, has written a bigger and more important treatise than any of these. The title is *I, James Blunt*, the imaginary Diary of an Englishman living in a defeated and occupied England. It's a book every Canadian should read and reflect upon. You can buy it in paper covers for 25 cents.

This Sheds No Light

THERE are times when we incline to think that Professor F. R. Scott and Mr. Camille l'Heureux of *Le Droit* will never be really content with being citizens of Canada until Canada has gone through the correct technical motions of a rebellion against the British Empire and has thus established her "freedom." Professor Scott in his recent article on "The Plebiscite Vote in Quebec" obviously thinks that the Dublin Rebellion was an excellent thing, and that its only defect was that it did not go far enough and did not take Ulster also out of its present painful predicament of "undergoing British rule." (The fact that Ulster does not like the idea of "undergoing" Eire rule, and that the relevant considerations are exactly the same unless you are prepared to attach some mystical significance to the fact that there is water between Ireland and Great Britain and none between Eire and Ulster, does not seem to have occurred to him.) His whole thesis is that the French-speaking people of Quebec are among "the non-British peoples who are supposed to enjoy the blessings of the British Empire" and who "do not seem to appreciate those blessings as much as we have been taught that they did." This fits in neatly with the discov-

ery of Mr. l'Heureux that the French-Canadians now Americanized in the New England States do appreciate the blessings of the government of the United States, in spite of the fact that these blessings do not include either the recognition of the French language or the right of separate tax-supported schools, and are perfectly willing to be conscripted by that government, simply because it has nothing to do with the British Empire.

To our great delight, Professor Eugene Forsey deals faithfully with his fellow-Socialist Professor Scott in a letter to *The Canadian Forum*, which published the original article.

Concerning Mr. Scott's observation that in South Africa, Ireland, India, Burma and Quebec there is "one common factor . . . which may go a long way toward explaining" the disinclination of their populations to join very completely in the war effort, and that that common factor is "the factor of British rule over these races," Mr. Forsey says: "Here 'British rule' is used to cover six totally distinct things. Ireland, till 1922, though represented in the House of Commons on the same basis as Britain, was ruled in the main by British officials. Northeast Ulster is still part of the United Kingdom, for the good and sufficient reason that it wants to be. Eire, for all practical purposes, is no more under 'British rule' than China. South Africa is ruled by South Africans; apart from the Simonstown naval base, it is no more under the control of the British government than Mexico. India is, and Burma was, ruled by British officials, though the acts of 1935 provided for an appreciable degree of local self-government. Quebec, over a wide range of subjects, is ruled entirely by Quebecers; in other matters, it is like the other provinces, ruled by Canadians as a whole, of whom less than half are of British descent, and nearly a third French. 'British rule' in Quebec is as much like 'British rule' in India and Burma as chalk is like cheese."

Mr. Scott's description of the conscription issue as being raised in 1917 "by a group of Toronto imperialists and a small clique in the Conservative party . . . as a weapon with which to defeat the Liberal party" is answered by Mr. Forsey thus: "Hence, no doubt, the support of Mr. Rowell, Ontario Liberal leader; Mr. Crerar, the present Minister of Mines and Resources; Mr. Carvell, one of the bitterest Liberal partisans who ever sat in Parliament; Mr. Calder, then master of the Saskatchewan Liberal machine; Mr. Sifton, Liberal premier of Alberta; and Mr. Guthrie, then regarded as the prospective Liberal Minister of Justice. . . Hence also the support of such notorious Toronto Conservatives as Mr. J. W. Daffoe of the *Winnipeg Free Press*; Mr. Fielding, for fifteen years Laurier's Finance Minister; and Dr. Michael Clark, Alberta free trader."

Professor Scott's attempt to "explain" Quebec's attitude on conscription—which is quite explicable on other and not too discreditable grounds—as due to a justifiable revolt against "British" tyranny does not seem either useful or historically sound.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

WORD comes from Nova Scotia about a farmer who brought nine hogs to town in a truck. He said that they had lain in the hot sun so long that they had all got cracks in their sides and would no longer hold swill. He had tried mending the cracks with his tire-kit but not with success. He intended having the hogs vulcanized. As the news-editors say, this is not officially confirmed.

TROPICAL MYSTERY

A Contrib. gives us the first line of a poem and dares us to write the rest of it: "He wore a topi on his toupee in the tepee."

All right, here goes!

He wore a topi on his toupee in the tepee.

The topi is a helmet made of pith,

A Hindustani variant of kepi

For glancing-off the barbs of sunlight with.

But if the heat were such to make him swelter

Why did he wear a wig and suffer worse?

He must have been a vigorous old pelter

Content (for Empire) just to sweat and curse.

Mysterious are the manners of the Tropics.

Why did he have a tepee thereabout?

To please a Bard, entranced with outlaw topics,

He brought it from Saskatchewan, no doubt.

Short poem forming a part of the official instructions to American sailors in London.

Over here

They don't ice beer.

In England the centenary of the Income Tax is being celebrated. The raising of enthusiasm for this purpose is *some* job.

Brother Foster (Truro, N.S.) says that a columnist first noticed that all dogs were of two classes; the nor'easters and the nor'westers. The nor'easters travel with their fore-paws slightly to the right of their hind-paws; the nor'westers—slightly to the left. He adds, "This way of travel is bad for an automobile tire, but doesn't seem to wear a dog unduly." Then (may we add) there are the three-legged travellers which no automobile can imitate, at the present price of gasoline.

THE TECHNICIAN

When John and I went fishing you should have seen the stuff

Which John brought out to do a job, he almost had enough

To clear the lake of bass and lunge and every fighting trout.

"Lord help the fish!" I muttered as we packed and started out.

He had a trunk of fancy lures, two rods of shining steel,

A dozen lines of different weight, a clock-like singing reel,

A gaff hook and a landing net, a knife to make them die,

Some frogs and worms and soft shell crabs, a flask of mellow rye.

I tagged along with old bamboo, and a ten-cent Woolworth line

I never was a fishing fan, but like the warm sunshine

I didn't give a hoot at all if I got one or ten

As long as I could get a snort of whiskey now and then.

But something must have happened to John's wondrous bag of tricks

For John, he only landed one, while I came home with six.

Nick.

"Protect the birds," exclaims a tender-hearted guy. Good. Especially the dove, which brings peace and the stork which brings tax-exemptions. (NOTE: The general tenor of this quip was sung recently by another fellow who would get the credit if we had noted it. In case he sees this column he'll understand. But if he doesn't let's pretend it's original.)

They Help Guard the Oil of the Middle East



Polish paratroopers at manoeuvres in the Nile Delta. They are armed with a Bren gun.



The first Libyan campaign: Polish troops from Tobruk encamped on the way to Gazala.



Gen. Sikorski (centre), Commander-in-Chief of the Polish forces.



In the Middle East: a gun emplacement manned by Polish soldiers.



Members of the famous Carpathian Brigade. This picture shows them training in Egypt.



Renowned as horsemen, Poles are also at home on motorcycles. Above, despatch-riders.

OIL, and its supply, is the concern of every strategist today. Even civilians begin to appreciate the value of this precious liquid. But, not many realize that the bulk of the forces defending some of the greatest oil wells of the world is made up of units of the Polish Army. Veterans of many campaigns in Poland, Flanders, Norway, France, Egypt and Russia, they form a powerful force of more than 100,000 men whose task in the Middle East is to bar the Nazi aggressor from Persia, Iraq and Syria.

Most famous unit in this Polish Army of the Middle East is the Carpathian Brigade which was recently evacuated from the Libyan front to Persia—but not before its members had added to their reputation as courageous and heroic fighters, as witness their exploits at the defence of Tobruk.

According to Australian and South African troops, the Poles were not only good Allies but, real friends as well. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before such friendship could be created. Language, customs and temperament had to be reckoned with before any normal relations could be established and many amusing incidents resulted from these basic differences.

ACCORDING to the Polish writer, Marian Hemar, in the official paper of the Carpathian Brigade, a Polish soldier who had gone a.w.o.l. even risked arrest by the military police in order to help out some English soldiers "in a spot."

It seems this soldier was brought to a military hospital in a pitiful state. His face looked more like a ripe, red tomato than a part of his body which was not in perfect condition, either. His left arm fractured,

his right eye half closed, it was plain he had traded blows with someone.

"What happened?" asked the M.O. He remembered this bruised face as belonging to a former Warsaw taxi driver he had known before the war.

"Beg to report, Sir," said the man. "I went to town without a pass and you know that a soldier without a pass wouldn't start a row . . . but, I just couldn't help it. I am walking down a street when I hear a fight. 'Arabs', I said to myself. But, when I see two Tommies being beaten by a bunch of Arabs, I start beating, too. The Arabs, of course."

"But, why should you get mixed up in this row?" the M.O. asked.

"Well, Doctor," replied the Polish soldier, "these were my friends, my Allies. I just had to help them. There were about ten Arabs but we managed to drive them off—and just then the military police arrived on the scene and I was taken back to barracks because I had no pass."

ON another occasion, a Polish soldier was being reprimanded by his officer for not having the Polish eagle on his cap. "Beg to report, Sir," said the soldier, "It's quite impossible to keep the eagle on the cap."

"Nonsense, my man. What do you mean, you cannot keep it on your cap! Does it fly away, or what?"

"No, Sir; the Australians take it."

There was a period when the Australians were quite mad about those eagles. For three eagles they would barter an Australian hat and free beer for the evening. They were also offering shoes, coats and even photos of "the girl friend" at home. The whole point was not to get the eagle in a shop. Anybody could do that!

In the Polish camp somewhere in the Middle East there was one exemplary soldier who didn't drink, smoke,

even go to town except on duty. Once he went and was supposed to be back for dinner. His pass was due to expire at 7.59 p.m. He came back the following day at noon. Walking unsteadily, he was taken before the company commander, came to attention, shouted "whoopie"—and fell down. He slept for untold hours and, when he awoke, related his story.

HE said he was on his way back to camp when he hailed a lorry at Mahmet Ali Square. There were a number of soldiers in the lorry. They asked him who he was. "I am a Pole", he answered. When the lorry was passing his camp he wanted to get down but the driver did not stop. Eventually the soldiers arrived at their own camp. They then explained that they were South Africans. They had heard the Poles were the best drinkers in the world, one of them told our friend, and added that they were not going to let him go before he had had a drink with them, just to prove his race were no better drinkers than the South Africans.

"What could I do?" the Polish soldier later asked. "I had to defend Polish honor; well, and I did." With what result he could not remember. He only knew he had not disgraced the Polish name.

Such amusing incidents are just the outward signs of a great and lasting friendship between the Polish and British troops, friendship which is cemented by common dangers and risks in the defence of a common cause. In fact, the people of all the United Nations are now linked together by friendship bonds which cannot be weakened by time and which not only facilitate co-operation during this war but may very well form the basis for a better world when victory has been won.

Oh! Those Commentators!

BY HENRY PETERSON

The Japanese are not conquering China, and the Germans are not conquering Russia, no matter what the news commentators may tell you, says Mr. Peterson, and he has a good deal of chapter and verse for it.

Defeatism is the enemy on the home front today, and must be fought wherever it turns up.

THE war news in this first week of August, 1942, is being so presented that the key-note being struck in the public mind is uncertainty. So great has this uncertainty become that it is even running over the brim of faith, and is forming dark pools of fear in those who cannot separate the true from the sensational in news commentaries.

In the last six weeks most commentaries on the fighting on the three main battle-fronts—of Russia, China and Egypt—while seeking to "face facts", have merely succeeded, by their persistent undertone of apprehension, in creating those pools of fear.

The cause of what in effect has been an attack on morale should be sought. Has it not been due to the fact that the authors of these commentaries have kept their eyes on out-of-date maps and unknowable figures in equipment and troops, and neglected the intangibles, revolving around the variable, Man, especially the spirit of a proud people willing to die when wantonly invaded?

The Case of China

Let us take the case of China first. In the last six weeks there has been some fighting along some two score miles of a largely unusable railway in one corner of one of her eighteen provinces. How have so many commentators, morally responsible, as they are, for their effect on public opinion, dealt with this fighting, which has involved perhaps 80,000 Chinese troops and some 80,000 Japanese? If they do not know, then they should, that China has some 4,000,000 war-hardened troops of superb morale who are capable, were they but armed with only a few hundred planes and a few hundred medium guns, of taking the offensive and driving the Japanese army into the sea; and that these work hand in hand with some 10,000,000 war-hardened guerrillas armed with home-made field radios and home-made mortars and machine guns. And the Japanese have only 600,000 troops in China today.

But three phrases were repeated *day after day*: "Japan is out to knock China out of the war." "China is in a bad way." "China is almost on her knees." Neither Tojo nor Goebbels could have invented better propaganda aimed at lowering our morale.

How to "Occupy"

Why this persistent ignorance of China's capacity for modern warfare, of the power of the dauntless spirit of her sturdy millions, and of her geography? Let us start at the root of the matter. Let us examine the published maps of China showing in heavy shade the areas that the Japanese are supposed to have "occupied". We see that varying portions of thirteen out of the eighteen provinces of China Proper are in Japanese hands, and, brought up as we are to believe in the infallibility of diagrams, readers assume that whatever is shaded is totally occupied. Never is a note appended to explain the falsity of such diagramming, and few readers take the trouble to pick up even a match and measure the areas in square miles, and wonder how many troops are required to occupy just one square mile. I have myself just picked up a match and made a few measurements on a newspaper map which is less generous to the Japanese than usual, and find that some 600,000 square miles are "occupied".

Well, there are only 600,000 Jap troops in China. Can one soldier hold a square mile? No, nor can ten, especially in teeming China, yet only ten to the square mile gives us the figure of 6,000,000 men.

Therefore, the truth must be other than what our maps indicate. Of course it is. With only 600,000 troops for the job, the Japanese are able to hold but parts of the few railways and main highways, together with the strategic cities and villages in these thirteen provinces, while Japs in open country scuttle into these cities and villages at night, to be safe from the relentless guerrillas. Even

then, *every* night for the last five years a varying number have provided the ashes for the small urns in which dead Japanese heroes make the return trip to Japan, that is, if their bodies could be found.

Another thing, China has now been fighting for five years. Does it make sense that she is weaker today vis-à-vis Japan when she has the British Empire and the United States as allies than when for four and a half years she single-handed fought a Japan strengthened by war materials from these present allies?

Let us face facts squarely, and bring out the iron that is in us. Because small British and American forces were unable to stand up to the Japanese in the special circumstances of Malaya and the Philippines, that is no reason to assume that the Chinese army, fighting under totally different conditions, can't do so, especially as it has already done so for five years. Nor is it realistic to be sceptical of Chinese confidence, for are they to believe, now that they have such powerful allies, they are worse off than they were before?

Surely it is not difficult to get the significance of an event that happened three weeks after Pearl Harbor; surely it stands out like the sun at noon-day! No matter how poor a fighting force was the Chinese army according to certain professional standards, yet since Pearl Harbor it alone has thrashed a Jap army. At Changsha last December, a smaller Chinese force killed 56,944 and took 139 prisoners out of an army composed of some 120,000 crack Jap troops, specially trained to avenge two previous defeats on exactly the same battle ground. So it appears we should revise our concept of what constitutes a fighting force. Let us look again into those figures. Fifty-six thousand odd killed and only 139 prisoners taken! No Japanese army, it is true, has ever surrendered in

China, but neither has any Chinese army. They just don't.

Therefore, how lacking in reality was that idea that "China is almost on her knees" when some 80,000 Chinese troops were fighting some 80,000 Japs along some two score miles of a largely unusable railway in one corner of one of China's eighteen provinces.

And what have so many commentators been telling us day after day about the fighting in Russia? That the situation there is "critical, grave, gloomy, dangerous", that Russia even "stands in danger of being knocked out of the war".

We have seen how incorrect are the calculations of these commentators about China's strength. I believe they are as wrong in their calculations about Russia's strength. First of all, while Hitler has not 7,000,000 troops for all purposes on all his fronts, Stalin has under him some 10,000,000 who equally believe that it is better to die than to be defeated. More than that, the same intangibles that make the Chinese soldier superior to the Japanese also make the Russian soldier superior to the German—for the long pull.

Want Second Front

Of course, at the moment Russia, like China, is yelling blue murder, not that she is being knocked out of the war any more than China is, but, as China has done for so long, she has been pouring out her blood and treasure for fourteen months, and naturally wants Britain and America to open up a second front as soon as possible.

As to Egypt, it must now be clear to even the most unrealistic commentator that Rommel missed his chance last month, and that its conquest is forever beyond his reach, because his master can no longer spare him the extra forces required and because of Auchinleck's increased strength.

I have made a plea against letting thoughtless commentators diminish our contribution to the war effort by taking the heart out of us. We should be fiercely on guard against any unconscious playing of Hitler's game, any lowering of our morale.

But what can we as individuals do to fight it? First, take the long view, and thus keep our horizon broad. Then, fight any suggestion of defeatism with *words*. Words are the civilian's weapons—his guns, planes and tanks, submarines and corvettes. Stamp it out like a blight—like smut in wheat.

Commando Ways

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

SO LONG as war is general and impersonal, it seems that no qualms embarrass the fighter. He can pull the lanyard of a gun with composure, although knowing, and indeed hoping, that the shell may tear scores of men into red tatters. He can drop a two-ton bomb on a crowded factory—which he calls a "target"—and exult in his marksmanship. He's not near enough to see the details and to get suddenly sick-at-the-stomach.

The warrior at a distance may be as mild a man as ever scuttled ship, but the warrior at arm's length had better be tough, forgetting all he ever learned about honor, fair play and the sporting chance. If he begins to think that some things "aren't done," or that a kick in the teeth "isn't cricket," he'll soon be dead. War is hell, as a tank-charge, or a sea-battle can prove, but for its ultimate hellishness consider a commando raid with blackened faces, garrottings, long knives and silence. The art of self-defence may be "noble" if there's a referee rigidly enforcing the Marquess of Queensbury's Rules. Not otherwise.

Captain W. E. Fairbairn used to be Assistant Commissioner of Police in Shanghai, keeping order on the toughest waterfront in the world. In the course of duty he developed a method of hand-to-hand fighting

based on the terrible alternative, Kill or be Killed. He borrowed from Japanese jiu-jitsu, from Chinese boxing which has no velvet in it, from French *la savate*, and built up a system which gave swift results in the taming of ruffians and gangsters of all sizes and degrees of cunning.

That is the system adopted in the training of commando specialists in England and in the United States. A description of it in detail, with illustrations, has just been published under the title *Get Tough*, (Ryerson, \$1.35) and it's grim to the last limit. If you jump on a man with both feet the point of impact is specially marked so that you can break his spine. If you bring down smartly the edge of your hand on the enemy's forearm—in certain circumstances you will break it. If your knife is edged as well as pointed you can more easily find an artery.

The Captain insists that all the movements described must be learned so thoroughly that they become automatic, swifter than thought, and he suggests with a seriousness beyond price that they should be practised on a friend!

Violence is like learning. A little of it is a dangerous thing. In a war you need all you can use and all the chivalries of social and sporting life must be put away, if you want to live.



The art of "close-in" fighting is demonstrated in these pictures of Canadian troops overseas. They are assaulting an "enemy" strong point located in a farmhouse. Above: waiting for the enemy to make an exit.



Here, officer with knife tackles sentry while men rush in to "mop up".



A tommy-gun at his back, "prisoner" is marched away for questioning.



The "toughening-up" process: mobile gun goes over an emergency bridge.

Southern Link with Russia not Severed by Nazis

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

ALTHOUGH the latest Nazi advances south of Rostov appear to have severed the Caucasus-Moscow railways, and the advance towards Stalingrad threatens the main Soviet north-south artery, the Volga River, other routes are still available for the shipment of American and British war supplies to Russia via Iran.

None of these routes are perhaps as convenient nor as short as the ones via Iran, but they are safe from attack and quite serviceable. They can handle a large volume of traffic.

The first is the sea route from Iran to Astrakhan with shipping passing close to the east coast of the Caspian, out of the way of enemy planes. From Astrakhan supplies are now being shipped by railway which runs along the west bank to Stalingrad, and by water. Should the Germans seize Stalingrad, it will be possible to ship goods by a railway running northeastward of Astrakhan via Engels and Saratov to Central Russia.

This route will remain available so long as the Germans do not seize Astrakhan at the mouth of the Volga.

However, should Astrakhan fall, then shipping can be routed to Guryev, an important oil port about 300 miles to the east of Astrakhan. From Guryev a 350-mile branch line built only a few years ago runs to the main line connecting Soviet Central Asia with the Urals.

Along the railway is the pipe line from the nearby Emba oil fields to the refineries in the Urals. The Emba oil fields form part of the

From press reports it would appear that Hitler's latest successes in penetrating into the approaches to the Caucasus have severed Russia's link with Iran through which American and British lend-lease cargoes flow to the embattled Soviet armies.

This is not so. Many routes still remain. The Caspian and the Volga are still open. Supplies can still be shipped by railways on either side of the great river. But they can also be sent via the Central Asian Soviet Republic of Turkmenia whose railway and highways connect with Iran.

Ural-Emba oil fields, which the Soviets call "Second Baku." Despite published figures, it is believed that the production of these fields may run to as high as 40 per cent of Russia's total and form a substantial reserve upon which to rely should the Caucasus fall to the Nazis.

At the same time other routes may be utilized.

The best of these is the railway through the Turkoman Soviet Socialist Republic, which shares frontiers with Iran and stretches for hundreds of miles from the Caspian Sea to Afghanistan.

A network of good highways approaches the Iranian frontier at many points and one highway from Ashkabad, the Turkoman capital, runs directly to Tehran where it connects with the railway from Bandar Shahpur on the Persian Gulf and with the highways from other Iranian ports at which American and British supplies for Russia are unloaded.

The railway through Turkmenia

runs to Tashkent in the Uzbek Republic where it links with the main line west to Russia, and the Turkestan-Siberia Railway which runs to Novosibirsk on the Trans-Siberian. Thus goods delivered via Turkmenia may be used for either the European or the Asiatic fronts, should Japan strike.

There are many indications that the Soviets have kept the possibility in mind that the Germans might penetrate the Caucasus. Because of this they have been working feverishly to improve the railways and highways east of the Caspian Sea to take up the burden in the case of emergency.

Of necessity much of this work has been done in Turkmenia. The main features of this country, through which the goods from Iran must already be flowing, are desert and sun. More than eighty-five per cent of the area is occupied by the desert of Kara-Kum, an effective barrier to Nazi penetration, by the way. Most of the people live in oases along the Amu Darya River which flows into the land-bound Sea of Aral, and along the shore of the Caspian Sea.

Liquid Gold

The terminus of the railway through Turkmenia is the port of Krasnovodsk, just opposite Baku on the Caucasian side. In recent years Krasnovodsk's importance has been augmented by the development of oil production at Nebit Dag to the south. Some of the wells at Nebit Dag, which means Petroleum Mountain, have gushed as much as 300,000 tons of oil. On Cheleken Island in the Caspian, not far from shore, another oil field is producing liquid "gold" and bromine and iodine are extracted.

To the north of Krasnovodsk is the famed Kara Bogaz Gol Bay, called by the natives "Black Maw" because nothing can live in its waters. The bay is shallow and linked to the sea by a narrow channel. Evaporation is so rapid that mountains of white sodium sulphate are piled on shore. These are removed by steam shovels and carried to chemical plants in the vicinity. Many war industries in Russia feed on the soda and sulphur extracted from the salts of this remarkable natural laboratory.

Beyond Krasnovodsk, almost to the Iranian border is desert. Trains carry vats of water for the stations along the way. Desolation reigns.

But when the railway approaches the frontier the character of nature changes. South of the road, in the Sumbar Valley the Russians are cultivating Guayule for the extraction of rubber. Sub-tropical vegetation prevails. Oranges and lemons are grown.

Turkmenia is known for its carpet weaving. The art has been passed from father to son for scores of generations. At Ashkabad a large State Carpet Storehouse has been organized for the purpose of collecting the work of thousands of artisans in the villages.

But Ashkabad is better known for its rapid industrial growth and as a centre of culture. It has large railway workshops, cotton and silk mills, a packing house, shoe factory, food industries.

Directly north of Ashkabad and connected with it by the Soviets' first auto-speedway, 155 miles long, is Russia's largest sulphur plant, located in the midst of Kara-Kum sands.

East of the capital the railway runs via Kushka, the southernmost

town in the Soviet Union. Beyond Kushka can be seen the heights of the Kopet Dag Mountains in Afghanistan.

Then the road turns north into a region of ancient civilization. It passes Nissa, dating from the Parthian Era, Anau, a dead community, in which relics of the Bronze age were discovered, Merv, a corpse of a town in which the son of Genghis Khan once massacred 1,300,000 inhabitants.

Again the railway goes through the desert before reaching Chardjou, a bustling ship-building centre on the turbulent and broad Amu Darya. In addition to ship-yards Chardjou has silk spinning mills and in the surrounding districts the celebrated Chardjou mellons are cultivated.

Determined Anti-Nazis

Crossing the Amu Darya on a long bridge the railway passes through the Uzbek Republic and then the Kasakh Republic. The Caspian is a thousand miles to the west. Barring the way to the invader are deserts, salt marshes, lack of water.

The people of Turkmenia and the other Central Asian Soviet Republics have long been known for their warlike spirit. They resisted Czarist aggression for scores of years, some have never given up until the Czar was overthrown. They may be expected to fight to the death against the Nazis, should the Germans ever get this far, which is not at all likely.

These people, formerly oppressed, persecuted, ignorant, are visionaries. They want to have peace to develop their homelands, build irrigation canals, cultivate new crops, build new industries. Their scientists are dreaming and planning to turn the Amu Darya back into an old channel to flow into the Caspian Sea thus irrigating hundreds of thousands of square miles of land. They are plan-

ning to turn the sands of Kara Kum into cotton plantations and meadows. Genghis Khan came and went, they say.

Hitler too, will be but a speck on the face of history.

But the people of Central Asia will go on.

It is reassuring for the United Nations that supplies via Iran will still continue reaching the Soviet fronts. It is even more reassuring to know that the countries through which these supplies must travel are loyal to the Soviet cause, which is the cause of the United Nations.



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UP TO VERY recently the opening of a second major front in Western Europe has been viewed as a purely military problem. We would open it as soon as our military preparations assured a reasonable chance of success. Calculations had therefore to do almost exclusively with the numbers of our divisions and of the Germans facing us, with tons of shipping and squadrons of dive-bombers, with paratroops and air transport, and the question brought to the fore by our last two campaigns in Libya, whether our tanks and anti-tank guns were equal to the German.

Now political considerations tend to overrule all these calculations. During the past week the Russian demand for a second front has become a full-voiced chorus of the army and nation, led by the authoritative newspapers *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. On Monday of this week *Pravda* carried no less than five articles on the subject. And over last weekend the Soviet press very pointedly related how, 28 years ago, Russia had gallantly relieved Britain and France by her invasion of East Prussia in August, 1914 (being unable to give a later instance, as, say, in 1940).

The way the Russians put it, failure on our part to act now may threaten our relations with them as allies in the war, and partners in post-war reconstruction. And on the military plane, there are strong hints that if we don't provide relief this year Russia may be decisively weakened, if not defeated, and next year we would face the bulk of German power on the Channel.

Now the great difficulty in assess-

ing these arguments is that we don't really know the Russians, having been officially friendly with them for only one year out of the past twenty-four, and we haven't exact information on their military and economic situation. They tell us no secrets, allow our observers only the scantiest access to the front, and reveal none of their production programs. If we launch a great effort in the West this summer or fall—and it is a grave decision to make, as failure might ruin our prospects for next year, bring despair to the conquered populations of the continent, and the overthrow of the Churchill Government—then surely never will an important campaign have been "concerted" with an ally's efforts, based on less frank and exact information of that ally's strength and prospects.

Perhaps this is, after all, superfluous in this instance, for the logic of the situation, with your enemy heavily engaged in the opposite direction, so obviously demands that you pile on to his rear. We have had probably the best gauge of Russia's strength in the course of the fighting during the past year; while the extension of the German line into Russia informs us fairly accurately, if not on the resources which the

THE HITLER WAR

Second Front Becoming a Political Question

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

Soviets still possess, at least on those which they have lost.

The latter are now beginning to add up to a staggering sum. With every last inch of the Ukraine now gone, the Soviet Union has lost three-fifths of its coal production, the same proportion of its iron ore and pig iron, almost half of its rolled steel, no less than 70 percent of its agricultural machinery industry and 72 percent of its aluminum. With the Ukraine also went nearly a quarter of Russia's grain production and over two-thirds of its sugar.

The loss of the Don steppes and a large part of the North Caucasus, with the greatest mechanized farms in the country, may mean that Russia has now lost half of her food supply while still retaining a good deal more than half of her population. Finally, there is the threat to her oil supply from the south. Could the Germans seize this, or effectively cut off its flow up the Volga, not only would the operations of the Red Army and Russian industry be hampered, but also the use of the tractors and harvesters on the farms which produce the remaining half of the country's food.

The situation in Russia is, in all conscience, serious enough without specific figures from Stalin as to his recently-developed industries and oil-fields east of the Volga and beyond the Urals. It may be that, with the campaign in the Soviet press, our political leaders will decide that it is so serious that the military must go ahead now with what they've got and make the best of it.

Scruples About Spain

If scruples didn't prevent, I should think that the Iberian Peninsula offered us the best entry into Europe against Hitler, as it did Wellington against Napoleon. After all, the Germans aren't there waiting for us behind fortifications. We could get ashore readily. And we ought to have a better chance of staying ashore, with the German communications stretching far back across Spain and the whole length of France, and no food or supplies available to them locally in Spain. While it would be too optimistic to hope that General Franco would decide not to take the field openly against us, still, if he did, he might soon have sabotage and rebellion flaming in his rear. And Wellington found that Spanish guerrillas made more effective allies than Spanish armies.

The Iberian Peninsula offers one serious disadvantage, however. We would not be able to bring our main air power, based in Britain, to bear there. Since this air power represents our one great advantage over the Germans, it is almost certain that we shall strike where we can make the best use of it. That would seem to set the extreme limits of our action between Brest and Den Helder, along the Channel and the lower North Sea. Within these limits we could bring our short-range fighters more powerfully to bear between, say, Dieppe and Ostend. But this is, of course, the very place where the German fortifications will be strongest, and where their communications allow them to shift reserves most conveniently.

A possibility, which I have suggested here before, is that we might try to seize a peninsula such as that of Cherbourg or Brittany, and develop it as a bridgehead for bigger operations next year. (A good argument can be made for not discussing second front prospects at all. But if we are to talk of them, then it is probably best to discuss all the prospects. In any case, I am only presenting broad, general ideas which must certainly have occurred long ago to the German staff engaged in this study.)

A British army wintered on the Cherbourg, or Cotentin, Peninsula once before. Seizing it would represent about the smallest scale of operation that could be projected across

the Channel; but it would also offer only Cherbourg as a port, and before the war Cherbourg served as little but a port of call for big passenger liners. Cutting off the Brittany Peninsula would represent a much bigger operation, but would offer the ports of Brest and Lorient, and possibly St. Nazaire, and what is more, rob the enemy of these principal U-boat bases. On the other hand, if we start so far to the West, we have much further to drive the Germans back to Germany than if we start at the Straits of Dover.

Flank is Exposed

On the Russian front the German offensive has been very satisfyingly held in the direction of Stalingrad. Here the Russians have been able to bring in reserves and equipment, probably down the Volga, and have sent these across the Don into the elbow, where they have held the Germans at a standstill for a week or more. In the Tsimlyansk sector, to the south-west of Stalingrad, where the Germans have been making a most determined effort to break through to the Volga below Stalingrad, the Soviets appear to have held their own ground for a full ten days.

But south of Rostov the German advance is still in full flood. Rostov itself was to have been the anchor for the lower Don front. Once it was lost the Soviet left flank was left hanging in the air. An excellent network of railways offered good facilities for shifting reserves on interior lines, but the terrain presented no physical obstacle behind which a stand could be made. The first such was the Kuban River. But the German claim early in the week to have reached the upper course of this river, apparently in a swift mechanized drive from the Salsk area, held out the prospect that the Kuban line might be outflanked before the Russians could organize on it.

Unless this German flanking thrust can be beaten back or held off, a great disaster portends in this region. Balked elsewhere this year of their aim of cutting off and annihilating the Soviet armies, the Germans will do their utmost to achieve this in the relatively confined space between the Sea of Azov, the Caucasus range and their flanking arm stretched southward from Salsk. The Russians would still have an avenue of escape open along the Black Sea littoral towards Batumi—unless the Nazis could drive across from Kerch and close this—but the whole region stretching across to the Caspian, with the Maikop and Grozny oil fields, would then be left wide open, and Baku be placed in immediate danger. If, on the other hand, the Russian armies can be maintained intact, can hold off the German flanking thrust, and retreat in good order down the main Caucasian railway, Baku and Trans-Caucasia ought to be safe.

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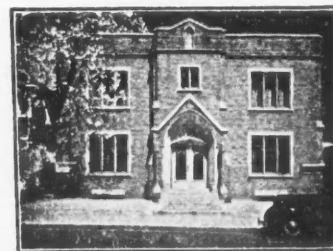
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UNDERTAKER

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LESSONS are still going on in this London schoolroom though most of the children are far away in the country now.

The desks are there and the black-board but the pupils of today are grown-up, many of them fighting, men of the last war, some in khaki battle-dress, one with the badge of the Bomb Disposal Squad on his arm, every one of them a veteran of the Battle of Britain.

There are still maps on the school-room walls—not brightly painted maps of the world but black and white scale drawings of buildings, architectural blue-prints, sketches of cranes and tackle.

A voice from the master's desk breaks the silence. "It looked like a heap of rubble. A direct hit on that end of the building. Three possible entrances blocked."

Here where once the children of London struggled with their sums the Rescue Squads are learning now—always learning—how men and women can be brought out alive from a building that looks as though it had been completely destroyed.

There is no school leaving age for these men. When I visited them at their lessons we in London had not heard the wail of a siren or the hideous scream of bombs falling for many weeks. Yet they were studying still, learning all the time, preparing always for the terror that may soon come again in the night.

They weren't novices in rescue work, the men I met in that classroom. Many of them had hundreds of lives already to their credit. They had been out night after night in the big blitz of last autumn. Now they spend their days analyzing and studying the ever-growing mass of evidence collected from actual experience, their nights standing by waiting for the next call to action.

No Rules for Bombs

In rescue work, I found, there are no hard and fast rules. Bombs don't behave according to plan. Just what they do to a building depends on so many things—on the structure and resistance of the building, on the angle at which the bomb falls, the height from which it screams down to destroy, the exact part of the building that takes the full force of the explosion.

What interested me most was how these men first went to work. Think for yourself of their difficulties. Probably not one of them had ever heard a bomb explode. They had never seen the queer tricks that blast can play.

All they had to guide them were a pile of photographs showing what Hitler's bombers had done already in Spain and the scientific knowledge of the best brains in the building trade.

"There was no actual experience we could give them," the instructor told me. "Many of the A.F.S. went to real fires but we couldn't show our boys a bombed house. We just worked out as best we could what we thought ought to happen and we were pretty far off the mark."

He explained then how they had concentrated for months on bringing people down from the top of tall buildings. They worked out complicated methods of reaching the upper floors of houses, of slinging a stretcher from one roof top right across a street to the other side.

Then came the blitz and brought all those ideas—literally—crashing to earth. The first squads went into action. They got hundreds of people out alive but they didn't use those carefully rehearsed methods of getting casualties out of high windows. They found that nine times out of ten people are pinned under the wreckage.

"Where Do They Sleep?"

You can see today in the London schoolroom what the rescue squads learned in those first nights of experience. They concentrate now on tunnelling.

It sounds easier until you find out more about it, for you don't just go digging down wherever it looks easiest. There are certain guiding principles—the probable position of "voids" in every type of building and the four most likely ways of getting in. Beyond that, every incident is a new problem which has to be settled

London's Rescue Squads

BY ALISON BARNES

on the spot, usually still at the height of the raid, by the squad leader and the officer in charge.

First a quick survey of the surrounding buildings—other houses in the street may provide valuable clues to the position of main walls. Neighbors and wardens are called in to advise. Invariably someone knows the rough lay-out of the house and something about the habits of the people who live there.

"Where would we be most likely to find them just before ten o'clock?" asks the squad leader. "That was when the bomb fell. Do they go to bed early? Where do they sleep?"

Someone remembers that Mrs. Jones always makes a pot of tea last thing before she retires to bed at ten—a clue like that will send the rescue party tunnelling straight for the kitchen. A pair of working boots, a dirty teacup, a radio still tuned in and still inconspicuously blaring music into the night—any of these things may save the lives of a whole family.

Sometimes one of them gets him-

self out and can guide the rescuers. It was in Manchester that I met one of the front-line men of the rescue squads—a lad named Webster, a scrap of a hero not more than five feet high with a bravery record ten times his size.

One night Webster was working on a job when to his amazement a man and a woman scrambled out of the debris. The first thing they said was "Our babies are still down there—at the other end of the kitchen under a pink eiderdown. We couldn't get to them so we struggled out to fetch help."

The only way into the building was the narrow tunnel no more than two feet in diameter through which the parents had crawled out. Webster went in head first, edging down by inches. As he got lower he had to make a new way and that meant moving a brick at a time and each handful of rubble separately. "No easy job," he told me, "when there

isn't a square inch to spare to put anything." But he worked on until he saw something pink—the eiderdown—and just above it two pairs of wide astonished eyes. There wasn't room for him to bring out both children at once so Webster made that slow, ghastly journey twice within an hour. They hauled him up with a baby in his arms by ropes tied round his ankles.

Another man told me his worst experience. It was not as you might imagine, a story of particular danger or special technical difficulty. It concerned an old lady who was too grateful.

She was well over seventy and the rescue squad found her in the wreckage of her home still seated in her chair by the fire and still wrapped in an eiderdown.

The man I talked to told me how he tore away the eiderdown, sawed the chair from under her, then locked her arms around his neck and carried her through a hole in the wall. "But the terrible part," he said, "was that

she covered me with kisses all the way!"

But then the one thing that never fails to amaze the rescue men is the reception they get and the bravery of the people who have been trapped. "They hardly ever cry out even when they are in terrible pain," I was told. "Often they laugh and joke with us. I think they're so glad we've found them at all that nothing else matters."

The rescue squads of Britain have become the silent service of Civil Defence. Because their activities are a specialized branch of their normal peacetime work—most of them come from the building trades—little is known about them or about the intricate technical training every member of the squads goes through.

They don't measure themselves by the same standards of heroism they apply to others. Rescuing people from the jaws of death is just a job—the most worthwhile job in the world. Tell one of these boys there is a casualty and you can't keep him out. He goes into the most ghastly heap of wreckage in cold blood, knowing the full extent of his own danger—to look for someone he's never seen before in his life.



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We are proud to celebrate this year the 10th anniversary of Sorel Steel Foundries Limited which coincides with the 300th anniversary of the Town of Sorel, named after Capitaine Pierre de Saurer, its first Seigneur. From 1787 to 1845 Sorel bore the name of "William Henry", reverting again to its original name by proclamation. The Duke of Kent, Governor of Lower Canada, resided there from 1791 to 1794. The present Duke of Kent visited this historic residence by his own request last year.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT

Afterthoughts and Forethoughts

WE NEGLECTED to mention, in discussing the Canadian Open last week, that the R.C.G.A. has decided to contribute its profits to the Red Cross, starting with this self-same tournament. It is an admirable gesture and there don't appear to be any strings attached to it. This is in marked contrast to the rugby final in a certain city a couple of years ago, where it was announced

BY KIMBALL McILROY

that a proportion of the proceeds would go to the same worthy organization. On close examination the proportion turned out to be roughly one in a hundred.

The turning over of athletic profits to the armed forces and kindred groups is a practice which has grown—if we may coin a phrase—by leaps

and bounds. Current figures show that racing has contributed \$1,162,935, baseball \$140,000. Golf and a lot of others are in the swim. But so far the contributing sports have been entirely professional. It's about time that the amateur bodies loosened up the purse strings and invested the gravy this way rather than in sound corporation securities. What if so doing would prove that they weren't quite so amateur as they pretended? The fact that you can't see London from New York proves that the earth is round, too, but everybody knows it already.

Some fans down at the Empire City track the other day evidently didn't see why they should contribute to that million-odd mentioned above. When their nag was left at the gate they stormed out on to the track and demanded their money back. What their squawk amounted to was that they had bet on the horse to win, the horse hadn't won, and so money had been obtained from them under false pretences. The idea is interesting, if not wholly valid. Since the customer is always right, except in politics, why not have races wherein every horse wins? Of course the bettors would receive back only a proportion of their investment, but that isn't important. As the Empire City folks said, it wasn't the money, it was the principle of the thing. People who bet on horse races like to win. It's too bad that more horses don't.

A WRESTLER by the name of Ray Steele is pictured in a prominent morning newspaper applying to a sparring-mate what he is reported to describe as the "upside-down reverse stepover inside toe-hold." The hold is a toe-hold, all right, but even the rawest student of the game could tell you that it is a phoney, that nothing more potent than gravity is holding the victim's shoulders to the mat. With this hold Mr. Steele a week or so ago won a fall from one Whipper Billy Watson. The bout, as is the case with all wrestling matches in most of the newspapers, was reported with a perfectly straight face. This is a puzzling phenomenon. Sports writers love to speculate dubiously on the honesty of boxing. When some poor preliminary boy has a tummy ache and doesn't look pretty good, the hints begin to fly that he went into the tank. When Joe Louis pulled off a "startling comeback" in the late rounds of his fight with Billy Conn, who as a light-heavyweight never should have been allowed in the ring with him, it was suggested that maybe Joe hadn't been exactly wearing himself out with honest effort in the early rounds. Yet with the exception of a few cynics these same writers are willing to waste perfectly good (and, with the current economy of paper, presumably valuable) space in describing something which should appear on the dramatic page, if at all. The fact that some deluded souls will go night after night to watch it, and pay for the privilege, is sufficient justification for wrestling's continuing. It is no justification at all for grown men writing like children. It may be argued, of course, that there is a reason. All the paid advertising in a newspaper doesn't have "adv." printed underneath it. This just makes the situation worse. The papers squawk like hell about freedom of the press, but freedom of the press presupposes honest reporting and what's bad enough for the sports pages some day just might be considered bad enough for the rest of the paper. Just might.

THE beanball business between the Cubs and the Dodgers could mean any one of a number of things. It could mean that the thinkers behind baseball are worried over the way the war is crowding them off the front pages. It could mean that tempers are getting a little frayed as the season wears on. Or it could mean simply that some of the boys



"We are going to scourge the Third Reich from end to end." Spoken by Britain's Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, these words and others of the same import recently served to do two jobs that needed doing. The first of these was to answer effectively Nazi broadcasts minimizing recent RAF raids, notably the latest pasting received by Hamburg; the second job they did was to reassure United Nations people that the "Great RAF offensive" was to be resumed with greater intensity than before. For, the Air Chief Marshal declared, "In comparison with what it will be like as soon as our own production of bombers come to flood and as American production doubles and then redoubles, all that has happened so far will seem very little." The man whose job it will be to use this "flood" of bombers most effectively is shown (seated) with his Chiefs of Staff. They are, standing, left to right, Air Vice Marshal R. Graham, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., and Air Vice Marshal Saundby.

on one team don't like some of the boys on another. If it's the first, then a lot of bother could be saved by forgetting all about it. These aren't days when one casualty more or less resulting from a thrown baseball is going to disturb the peace of mind of any but the most dim-witted. If it's the last, then don't give it another thought. Only a mother could like some of those boys. If, however, the episode arose out of real spite, then maybe baseball is going to see a big boom. This department has never subscribed to the popular theory that roughness in professional sport alienates the crowds. If it did, no one would ever go to a rugby game and boxing wouldn't exist. Baseball is a fine pastime but it is often tedious. The better the players, the more tedious the game can be. It lacks bodily contact or a reasonable facsimile of the same, except on those rare occasions when someone lifts his spikes a little high while sliding, or knocks the catcher

into the third row center, or beans an unsuspecting batter. When any of these things happen the crowd gets on its feet and yells its head off for the offender's blood or, if the guilty party happens to be on their side, for the victim's. The really high points of a ball season come at times like these. If the boys out in Chicago were mad at each other, more power to them.

THE Sports Service League, which collects athletic equipment of every description for distribution to the various service camps and depots, is finding the demand far greater than the supply. Every second attic or closet in the country contains one or more cast-off bits of sports paraphernalia, gathering dust. The boys can use it, and the S.S.L. will see that they get it. The point may not seem important, but it might be well to remember that the arm that throws the baseball throws the grenade.



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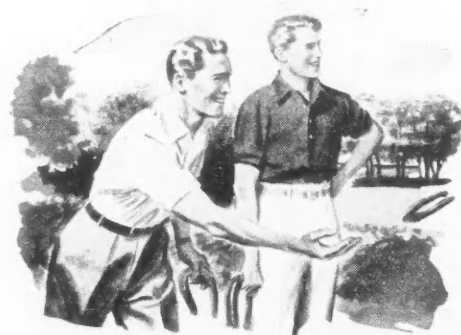
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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Labor and Economic Law

BY R. J. DEACHMAN

ALMOST anyone would agree with the desire of J. W. Noseworthy, M.P., as expressed in your issue of July 25, for the establishment of higher standards of living for the workers of Canada.

It might, however, be extremely difficult for this gentleman to attain his goal with the limiting and disqualifying means he proposes to use. He suggests that the problem can be solved by taking from the rich and giving to the poor. This vein of wealth is far from inexhaustible. Its exploitation is likely to yield swiftly diminishing returns. The economics of Robin Hood may have been suitable for his own day and age. Relationships among the various groups of society are now closer and more intimate. Conditions have changed. These policies are no longer possible, —they have long since ceased to be profitable.

Labor Needs Capital

Labor is one factor in production only one. Capital is another. Wage rates depend, quite largely, on capital investment per worker. Mr. Noseworthy desires in one breath to encourage high wage rates, in many cases rates beyond the capacity of capital to pay, and, at the same time, he wants to induce more capital investment by limiting strictly the reward of capital for the service it renders. The program is, to say the least, extremely difficult.

In 1929 the national income of Canada was \$4,718.6 million—figures from Appendix 4, Dominion Provincial Relations Report. This was the highest national income in Canada prior to the outbreak of the present war. Total wage and salary payments amounted to \$2,900.5 million. Wage and salaries totalled in 1929 more than the entire national income in either 1932, '33, or '34. In 1933 the amount paid in wages and salaries was \$1,674.9 million—\$1,225.6 million less than in 1929. It needs no wizard of finance or politics to see, from these figures, that labor has a tremendous stake in the size of the national income. If ever it realizes the essential truth of this point then it will see the folly of attempting to improve its position, by shoving up the dollar rate of wages, which must in the end prove a hopeless task and co-operate with capital in a struggle for an increase of the national income.

What Labor Has Done

Let us now measure the progress made by labor when following its own methods. It is necessary to use American figures—their records are more complete. Labor, in the United States, has been more strongly organized and therefore from the standpoint of Mr. Noseworthy should have achieved definite results. We have the official statement of total wage and salary payments, year by year, from 1914 to 1938; 1914, especially in the U.S., was little affected by the war; 1938 had been touched only lightly by the approaching conflict.

It is assumed that employment should have increased with growth of population. This, however, is undoubtedly an under-estimate. More women have entered business and industry since 1914. The army of workers should have increased relatively more than population. It may be argued against this contention that mechanization has reduced employment. It may have done so but this certainly would not have followed if prices had fallen as they should, and would have done, had not wages and salary rates made their phenomenal rise.

Keeping these facts in mind we may then present this simple table.

Line	Year	Index of Population	Total Salaries and Wages	Cost of Living	Real purchasing power Total Salaries & Wages
(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
A	1914	100.0	\$20.4	71.8	28.4
B	1938	132.9	27.1	71.8	37.7
C	1938	132.9	40.4	100.8	40.1

Figures in columns No. 4 and 6 are in billions and fractions of billions—add eight ciphers.

Mr. Deachman, who is one of the broad-visioned of Canadian economic writers, holds that Labor in Canada has been pursuing the wrong objective in seeking merely to raise the dollar level of wages, without regard to the resultant effect on total productivity.

What it should really do is to aim at increasing the size of the national income, not merely at increasing its share at the expense of some other share.

Line A shows what actually happened. The index of population does not affect 1914—it is the base year of our calculations. The income was \$20.4 billions, the cost of living index was 71.8 on the basis of 1935-39. Real income, that is income measured in 1935-39 dollars, was therefore, \$28.4 billion.

Line B tells what would have happened if we assumed no wage increases whatever, no alteration in the price level, no change save the increase resulting from growth of population. The population increased from an index number of 100 which is given in this table as the base figure in 1914, to 132.9 in 1938 or, in other words, an actual population increase of 32.9%. This would have given a total dollar income of \$27.1 billion. In 1935-39 dollars this would have been equivalent to a purchasing power of \$37.7 billion.

Line C reveals what actually happened. Total salary and wage pay-

DOMESTIC DITHER

MY HUSBAND has a shoulder ache—
O world, stop turning!
Draw inward, sun; flow upward, rain;
Hush, fire, no burning!
War and the rent your rear seats take—
My husband has a shoulder ache.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

ments stood at \$40.4 billion. The cost of living was then 100.8 bringing real income to \$40.1 billion. The increase between 1914 and 1938 in terms of purchasing power, or the difference between the figure in column 6 line B and column 6 line C, is 6.4%. In other words an increase of 6.4% in wages and the increase which should have come naturally from population increase would have brought total wage and salary payments in terms of purchasing power to the level actually achieved. Surely labor cannot be satisfied with these conditions. Is this the full measure of success arising out of all their struggle? The cost of living has been forced up. The consuming classes have had to carry this burden—consumption fell off—unemployment increased, the per capita national income of the United States in terms of purchasing power was lower in the 1929-38 period than in 1914.

The situation calls for a complete reorganization of labor policy. Wage rates increased 100% between 1914 and 1938. Intrinsic gains of labor in purchasing power were practically nothing. Hours of work were less. Is that the full fruit of the struggle? Wages are costs. When wages rise costs of living rise. Certain sections of the community are unable to increase the price of their own goods and services—their purchasing power falls—again there is more unemployment.

If labor's policy reacted solely upon itself one might feel that it should be free to follow its own trail until in fullness of time it realized its mistakes. Labor has spent its time searching for a personal devil, it may never be satisfied until it gets one. There is no gain for labor in this futile pastime. There is a better and a wiser course. In its own interests, inseparable as they are from the interests of the nation, labor should re-examine the foundations of its faith, the reasons for its failure. When it does it will take a different road and carry capital and the public with it in its effort to improve its own position. It will forget wage rates and regard victory as an increase of total wage payments in terms of purchasing power. Let there be no mistake about it—labor's failure to make real gains, gains in purchasing power, has been a hampering and restricting influence on our national income. It is something which must be done. It cannot be done without the aid of labor—will labor assist in the task?

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The War Effort Must Come First With Provincial



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Montreal

Will Ontario Prepare for Peace?

BY HENRY LYNN MARSHALL

The terrific impact of the new federal taxation necessitated by the war has caused a general realization of the need for economy in every department of Canadian life.

Are the provinces, and in particular is the province of Ontario, doing anything to meet that need? There is nothing, says Mr. Marshall, in the financial operations of the last session of the Ontario Legislature to suggest it.

And there are enormous postwar requirements in the provincial field which will have to be looked after somehow.

It is doubtful that Canada, ill-prepared for war, will be better prepared for peace. In Ontario the advent of peace, with victory, will involve reabsorption into civil life of scores of thousands of fighting men and the shifting of other multitudes from war to peace production.

Since the outbreak of hostilities the Ontario Legislature has held three sessions, and if plans for post-war reconstruction have been considered by this body, spending \$120,000,000 a year and responsible for a debt of nearly three quarters of a billion, such plans remain concealed from the view of a waiting electorate. Dawdling through a recent 21-day session, the Assembly added some innocuous amendments to the pot-pourri constituting the Ontario Statutes, and in a matter of hours in two final sittings voted \$120,024,468.50 to permit governmental survival for another twelvemonth. This impost means a contribution of \$34.97 from each man, woman, and child in Ontario—a yearly contribution of \$174.85 from the average family of five.

When this war is finished much that is outmoded will be swept away. We shall not again see one million one hundred thousand Canadians going "on relief." Canadians are becoming restive as to free spending parliaments content to see their prerogatives falling more and more into the hands of cabinet coteries. And governments, to quote Elbert Hubbard, will presently "get in line or get out."

Ontario can and must put its house in order as an aid to war effort and peace preparation. Reserves of cash and credit will be needed for the inevitable readjustment period. Yet, with capital expenditures allegedly out for the duration, here are the amounts voted in recent years by the Ontario Legislature for the conduct of provincial business:

Fiscal Year	Amount Voted in Estimates
1938	\$115,453,592.01
1939	123,453,180.07
1940	129,691,371.80
1941	116,504,306.70
1942	127,962,426.98
1943	120,024,468.50

While there is no sign of curtailed expenditure at this point, another disturbing factor appears. In the 1930-34 period provincial relief expenditures absorbed from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 yearly. Now, provincial relief outgo is but \$3,000,000 a year. In the period mentioned it cost \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000 a year to run provincial affairs, leaving relief out of the question. Expenditures are now about doubled, even allowing for some differences in bookkeeping which need not be detailed. While the province in latter years has aided the municipalities by about an extra eleven millions a year, yet half-a-dozen direct provincial taxes are producing \$47,540,000 a year more than in the early thirties while the population increase in the last decade is but nine per cent.

It is obvious that the provincial spending machinery is out of hand, and the problem of regaining con-

trol lies on the doorstep of the Legislature. Even now it is not too late to remedy a situation whereby the Legislature has allowed itself to become the servant rather than the master of the Government. If the Assembly has lost sight of its historic prerogatives, it might at least show some consideration for the people it purportedly serves, and it must regain some sense of responsibility as to trying times, both present and future. What are some of the glaring provincial ills, and how can they be cured?

To begin, there are thirteen cabinet ministers in the Ontario Government, 20.6 per cent of the total of Government members. A cabinet of this size is not required. If half the ministers were content to be figure-heads, it would not be serious, but each, unfortunately, is the spearhead of a spending mechanism. Each must seize the maximum amount of available appropriations lest the ministerial dignity be abated.

Some Are Overlooked

Ontario employs over 7,000 civil servants, exclusive of employees of boards and commissions, plus a multitude of casual employees. For the civil service proper the annual salary bill is between ten and twelve million dollars.

There exists in the service a tendency to overlook promotions, the usual practice involving the importation of new help when a vacancy occurs. Interdepartmental transfers are infrequent, a misfortune for employees and a deterrent to efficiency.

Years ago a Civil Service Commissioner was appointed, and used his ample authority to classify the service, setting up a salary schedule embodying commencing, intermediate, and maximum salaries for each position which a system for annual increases. Latterly, the schedule is often violated. Under terms of a recent amendment the Commissioner's certificate is no longer required as to the necessity for proposed appointments, fitness of applicants, or salary. In other words the demands of patronage have demoted the Commissioner to a Registrar.

In Britain the Treasury Department dominates the scene, controlling expenditures, auditing and inspecting all departments, and has ample authority to deal with staff transfers. Promotion boards aid the advancement of worthy employees and guard against nepotism, while in the larger departments

Whitley councils, including senior officials and members of the rank and file, protect the interests of the individual and generally promote the welfare of the service.

Members of the legislature might examine with profit the comprehensive Literature dealing with the evolution of the British Civil Service.

Another field demanding immediate legislative attention is that of mental hospitals. In Ontario, law and long established practice place the primary responsibility for the care of the mentally ill, mentally defective, or epileptic, with the province. A yearly expenditure of almost \$5,500,000 out of the \$11,000,000 spent on health and hospital activities goes for the support of mental institutions.

In 1936, Dr. Sam Hamilton, of New York City, a recognized hospital expert, was authorized to survey Ontario's mental hospitals. While his report, tabled at the 1937 session of the legislature, was couched in moderate terms it exposed startling conditions in the institutions.

Dr. Hamilton found 12,914 mental patients in quarters suitable for the proper housing of but 9,920 persons, an overload of 2,994 patients. Health Minister Kirby recently reported that 15,819 patients are now under treatment. Allowing for a small amount of added accommodation, the overload now appears to be 5,899 patients. This added accommodation even necessitated the conversion of the Toronto jail farms for men and for women to hospital use. Unfortunately, discontinuance of these places as reformatory institutions, badly needed for minor, aged and infirm offenders, has retrograded the penal facilities in the Toronto area to a point where conditions are worse than those of thirty years ago.

It is true that the new St. Thomas hospital, with space for 1,400 or 1,800 patients according to whether the Health Minister or the Premier tells the story, has been loaned to the federal government; but the restoration of this institution to the province will only alleviate and not cure a critical situation.

Not Enough Space

Neglect of the feeble-minded illustrates the general situation as to mental institutions. The sole Ontario hospital for defectives is located at Orillia. Designed for 1,500 patients it houses approximately 2,000, and there is a chronic waiting list of another 2,000. At the recent legislative session the Minister of Health confessed that no building plans were being considered; in other words the province cheerfully and officially disclaims any further responsibility for its feeble-minded citizens. They are to remain free to disrupt the homes from which they spring and to procreate their kind.

Here is a field in which post war employment can be provided; ways and means are the problem of the Assembly. Authoritative reports indicate that at least \$25,000,000 is required to bring mental institutions up to a decent standard, a large sum yet relatively small when compared with increases in provincial expenditure, direct taxation and debt. Humanitarian Ontario will not tolerate existing mental hospital conditions when the facts become clear.

During the last provincial election a start was made on two new mental hospitals, one at Brampton and the other at Port Arthur. About \$264,000 was spent on the Brampton project—one of the many strange

features being the by-passing of the provincial architectural staff and the employment of a private architect who was paid \$56,911.43 for his plans, twenty-one per cent of the whole amount expended.

At Port Arthur \$224,000 was spent, another private architect receiving \$3,952.10, or thirty-seven per cent of the total expenditure.

Strangely enough in each instance an administration building only was constructed. Both projects were then abandoned, constituting a modern version of Robinson Crusoe's longboat at a cost to the taxpayer of nearly half a million dollars.

Nor is the penal system of the province in much better shape. Forty-seven county and district jails are maintained; a few of them are new, but most are relics of sixty or seventy years ago, badly built, condemned by Royal Commissions and by more informal investigators. There would seem to be no sound reason against consolidation of all penal institutions, including federal penitentiaries, under a central authority with remissions of sentences likewise handled by one organization. It might indeed be a difficult task to unhorse the various bureaucracies saddled on the departments concerned, but this should not be beyond the capabilities of Parliament and the various Legislatures.

Another matter which might well engage the attention of the Public Accounts Committee is the annual salary bill for provincial police, which increased from \$619,292.17 in 1937, to \$1,288,830.87 in 1941. With a relatively law-abiding population, Ontario is definitely over-policed, and some reciprocity might be worked out between Ottawa and Queen's Park respecting provincial police and the R.C.M.P., which, indeed, has been done elsewhere.

Increasing Its Scope

Since the outbreak of war the Ontario legislature has been prone to devote much attention to matters not falling within its sphere, and to neglect its domestic duties. While rearranged taxation fields will halt an expanding taxation program, and may reduce current revenues, yet the current budget calls for an expenditure of \$120,000,000. Coupled with this is the servicing of a debt of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars at a yearly cost running from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000, with no hint of a retirement plan.

As to highways a long-range, planned economy is called for, particularly to fit in with post war employment. Forest policies, if they can be called such, are outmoded, and the twenty or more Acts and innumerable Regulations relating to lands and forests need revision and codification.

Education, long managed by a near bureaucracy, needs an overhaul. Particularly is this true in relation to school grants, to mention but one item, a matter now largely subject to the *ipse dixit* of the Minister.

Scores of unproductive and outmoded branches clutter the provincial scene. These can be merged or, in many cases, abolished.

More than anything else the Ontario Legislature needs to enter a shirt-sleeves era of hard work. Queen's Park needs a stock-taking, a spring cleaning, and a stream-lining from cellar to garret the sooner the better. The first task is reassertion of the supremacy of the Assembly. Wartime should mean economy and conservation, not extravagance, for governments as well as for individuals. There must be a resurgence of independence in government followers. There is need for vigor, vigilance and earnest study of provincial affairs on the part of the Opposition.

If the Legislature remains content to drift, as it is and has been drifting, if it continues its laissez faire course, dealing in platitudes and generalities while conduct of public business is ignored, it will more than likely find itself a part of the post-war scrap-heap.

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MOST of the post-war planning that one hears about or reads about is a mere waste of time, the building of cloud-palaces in the stormy sky. Those who can, do, those who can't—make plans. At the same time, there are forms of planning which cannot be started too early, because anything else may be too late. Chief of these is the re-planning of the "blitzed" cities. Unless such plans are completed and accepted before the work of rebuilding actually starts, there will be no chance of carrying them out. Reconstruction will come in a flood that will sweep everything furiously on. The dam must be built in good time.

London does not mean to be caught unprepared. Professor Patrick Abercrombie, architectural consultant to the London County Council, has just been given the job of making a comprehensive plan for the development of Greater London—the biggest job of the kind since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. But it is to be hoped that he will have more luck with his plan than the great Sir Christopher had with his, which was admired and discussed and then carefully put away, the majestic record of a lost opportunity.

Whether or not it is true that all roads lead to Rome, it is certainly true that all English roads lead to London. On the roads as on the railways the only directions that really matter are "Up" and "Down"—towards London or away from it. London has thus become the huge and ever-growing centre of an im-

LONDON LETTER

Replacing England's Blitzed Cities

BY P. O'D.

mense system of radiating highways, along which flows most of the life of the country.

The first great problem to be settled is whether to allow London to go on extending further and further out along those highways, and gradually filling in the spaces between them, or whether a boundary is to be set to this natural growth, and future development carried on by a system of satellite towns. Most people seem agreed that the latter method is the more desirable. It is, in fact, the only alternative. But this brings up the second great problem of how such development is to be enforced, for there is little doubt of what London will do if left to itself. It will simply keep on growing.

Obviously the Government will have to assume vast new powers, in the control of land, in the control of industry, in the control of housing. No longer will the English industrialist be able to build his new factory where he chooses. He will have to build it where he is told.

His workpeople will have to be moved out to it, and suitable houses will have to be built for them—better houses probably than the old ones. All this implies an effective control of land, of the uses to which it can be put, and especially of the prices to be paid for it. Otherwise this country would become the paradise of the land-speculator.

These vast problems might well have seemed insuperable before the war, but evacuation has already done a great deal to make their solution easier. A great many industries have already moved away from London. They can be made to stay in their new locations. The same applies more or less to their employees, many of whom have already learned to prefer life in the smaller towns. But a vast deal more remains to be planned and done.

Professor Abercrombie has a big job on his hands—a job much bigger than faced Sir Christopher Wren in the modest-sized London that survived the Great Fire. Fortunately, he is an extremely capable and experienced man, who has for many years devoted his whole time to just such problems.

Fortunately, too, the general public is now fully alive to the necessity of adequate planning and of official supervision, if London is indeed to be "the flower of cities all," as the old Scotch poet called it. But something very solid and effective had better be done about it. This is probably the last chance.

Painted Records

An unassuming but particularly interesting exhibition is at present being held in the National Gallery, a display of drawings and water-colours depicting "The Changing Face of Britain" such is its official title. One of the chief features of the exhibition is a series of water-colours of Windsor Castle, which the Queen commissioned from Mr. John Piper, and which she has loaned. Otherwise the subjects are scattered over the London area, Wales, Suffolk, Buckinghamshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Hampshire. It is the second exhibition of the kind.

A couple of years ago the Ministry of Labor and National Service was very properly worried about the position of painters. Few professions or arts had been so badly hit by the war. Almost no one was buying pictures. The livelihood of painters had disappeared, except for the lucky and eminent few who had managed to get official war-jobs of one sort or another. What was to be done for the rest? How was work to be found for them?

Then someone—who, is not stated—got the bright idea of having painters make a record of fine old buildings, of lovely pieces of country, of historic places in cities and villages, which might never be the same

again after the horrible harvest of war had been gathered. Ordering the paintings was easy. The only real difficulty was finding the money to pay for them.

This is where the Pilgrim Trust came in, with the generosity and unfailing perception anyone has come to expect of that astonishing and beneficent Anglo-American institution. It offered to foot the bill—or at least a large part of it. Hence these two very interesting and very valuable exhibitions.

Topography may not be the noblest of the many mansions in the great House of Art, but it has an honorable and useful place. What a lot of pseudo-masterpieces most of us would be willing to swap for pictures that did nothing more than give faithful and sympathetic depictions of buildings and places which are now hardly more than names!

It is true that modern photography does a great deal to make such a record for us and for future generations. But there is something that no camera can give, however artfully manipulated, something made up of love and understanding, "the consecration and the painter's dream," if I may take a liberty with the noble phrase of Mr. Wordsworth.

Art-critics may not set any very high store by this particular exhibition, but more humble lovers of the picturesque in years to come are likely to have much reason to be grateful to the Ministry of Labor, to the Pilgrim Trust, and especially to the painters, for these tender and faithful and also very skilful depictions of a passing world. Their value will continually grow.

The Niggardly B.B.C.

Some little time ago I was talking to a newspaper friend of mine, who had been doing quite a bit of broadcasting on—but perhaps it would be better not to say. I have no desire to run the risk of cramping any future arrangements he might make with the B.B.C.

His broadcasts were good, sensible pieces of work. He knew what he was talking about, and he managed to make it clear and interesting—nothing especially distinguished either in matter or manner, but excellent of its unpretentious kind. Suddenly the broadcasts stopped. I asked him why, as I had been a faithful listener-in.

"I couldn't afford to carry on," he said. "The B.B.C. pays mostly in kudos, and I didn't feel that I really needed the kudos. Ten guineas may seem quite good for a fifteen-minute

broadcast, but when you consider that you have to gather your material, write the script, submit it, pay two or three visits to Broadcasting House, and perhaps finally broadcast at a very inconvenient time—well, I just couldn't afford it, especially as I live in the country and it quite often meant spending a night in town. There was nothing in it for me, so I gave it up."

There may, of course, be another side to that story. Perhaps the giving up was mutually satisfactory, though I know a good many other people who looked just as eagerly for my friend's broadcasts as I did. But the fact remains that the B.B.C. does pay rather niggardly fees—niggardly, at least, by American standards. That, however, may be an unfair comparison.

Eight guineas is the regular fee for a fifteen-minute broadcast in the afternoon, with a rise of two or four guineas for an evening talk. Short-story writers do better. Twenty Guineas is the average for an original tale, with another four or five if the author reads it himself.

Naturally there are special fees for feature stuff, musical, dramatic, or otherwise. These are, no doubt, a matter of special arrangement. But the fees I mention are the standard for talks—not a very high standard, it must be admitted.

The B.B.C. seems to drive a pretty hard bargain with its talkers. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that the quality of such broadcasts should remain so high.

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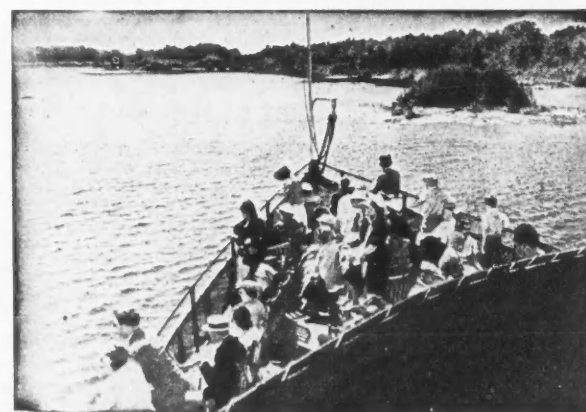
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THIS FREEDOM—WHENCE? By J. Wesley Bready. (American Tract Society, \$1.50.)

PUT in a dark background, as dark as possible, then put your figure in full light. A good maxim for painters! So is the importance of the figure enhanced. Dr. Bready followed this principle in his recent book, *England, Before and After John Wesley*. Now in the condensed and revised version for the American market the artifice is even more apparent. John Wesley (goes the argument) was born into a barbarous and pagan England. His evangelism transformed the national life and gave inspiration for every political and social reform in England and in the United States since his time.

In painting the blackness of England in the Eighteenth Century the author quotes Bishop Berkeley, Archdeacon Blackburne, Macaulay and many others, tending to prove that the Church was an organized hypocrisy, that Oxford and Cambridge had forgotten their functions in the chase

for money, that the stage was a brothel's lure and that the common people were sunk in a soulless brutality.

Such generalizing is dangerous. There is no period of history, including our own, that cannot be described in hard words by enthusiasts of one sort or another. England before Wesley was no paradise, that is true. Neither was France. But England had a saving remnant of Puritanism, active for a century and more, and quickened by persecution. Without questioning for a moment the wide influence of Wesley's life and preaching, the thought intrudes that he came "in the fulness of time." The time was ripe for someone to express the inarticulate feeling of the great

middle-class, to carry on the tradition established by John Bunyan and John Milton.

In like manner, the social reforms which followed the Evangelical Revival—with no dazzling speed—were only in part the direct result of it. For example the rise of Trades Unionism owed much to the Industrial Revolution, and perhaps even to the Tractarian Movement. Charles Dickens who began writing about 1830, forty years after Wesley's death, discovered plenty of social inhumanities not yet cured by Methodism.

Nevertheless the plan of Dr. Bready's argument is excellent (though *ex parte*), and the writing is careful and worthy. But after reading the preface we are urged,

perhaps by some mischievous sprite, to quote an apt bit of satire written by Wesley in the preface to his Dictionary.

"I have often observed that the only way, according to the modern taste, for any author to procure commendation of his book is vehemently to commend it himself. For want of this deference to the Public several excellent tracts lately printed are utterly unknown and forgotten. Whereas if a writer of tolerable sense will but bestow a few violent encomiums on his own work he will pass through six editions in a trice; the world being too complaisant to give the Gentleman the lie, and taking it for granted he understands his own performance best. Many are the

mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have yet seen, whereas I can truly say I know of none in this; and I conceive the reader will believe me, for if I had I should not have left it there."

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Wesley in High Colors

Personal View

EVERYMAN'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY, by D. C. Browning, M.A. (Dent's Everyman Series, 90c.)

NOBODY can write a dependable, swift criticism of a new English Dictionary. All that a reviewer can do is to make a list of generally unfamiliar words which he happens to know and to look them up in the new book. If they appear, complete with etymology and terse definition, then the Dictionary must be a notable production. If two or three of them don't appear, or if one definition be questionable then suspicions are confirmed. It can't be worthy. But some other person who has his own list of peculiar words may find every one of them properly set down and praise will be on his tongue. Life and labor are most discouraging!

Here's a Dictionary that calmly defines "rowans" and "gowans" (words which we know), also "kepi" and "clodpole," "podagra" and "smeech." We couldn't ask more, even of the compendious Oxford. Yet this single volume has but 700 pages, is only an inch thick and weighs ounces instead of pounds.

In sum it's a true *Everyman* book, having very much of high quality in small compass, and at a price absurdly low, particularly in war-time. (Personal judgment, only.)

Churchill Essays

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES, a Collection of Biographical Essays, by Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. (Macmillans, \$3.50.)

THESE reprinted papers, written for the most part between 1932 and 1937 wear uncommonly well. They have poise, detachment, and steady distinction of style. Sure knowledge is their foundation and sincerity their superstructure.

The Prime Minister in his own eyes and vicariously through his father's, can look back upon and discuss with mastery the politics of a hundred years.

"They Shall Not Grow Old"

RONALD CARTLAND, by his Sister, Barbara Cartland. (Collins, \$4.)

AN ENGLISH newspaper woman and novelist has written the life of her brother Ronald, torn to bits by German guns before Dunkirk. It's a gallant and important story, for Ronald, at 28, was elected Conservative Member of Parliament for King's Weston, one of the Birmingham constituencies. Before he was 30 he was the moving spirit of five young Members who were steadily questioning the wisdom of the Chamberlain Government policy, both in foreign and domestic affairs. Their activities bring to mind the Fourth Party of Lord Randolph Churchill, A. J. Balfour, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir John Gorst, so many, many years ago. Probably they did not seriously offend one amiable Con-

servative, Lord Randolph's son, Winston.

In 1938 Anthony Eden resigned his office as Foreign Secretary. While the Conservative rank-and-file turned their back upon him Cartland said in the House, "Expediency in foreign policy has never been a tenet of the Tory faith. I say frankly as a Tory that in all questions of foreign policy, or indeed of any policy, right should always come before expediency whether it be dangerous, difficult, or foolhardy."

All the fine qualities of the well-bred Englishman were united in this brilliant, diligent and gracious young man. He made no apologies for the existence of the British Empire. He didn't pretend that it was something else; a Commonwealth of Nations, for example. He rested on the average

record of honest administration which had brought peace over many years to millions of men. At the same time he was appalled at the poverty-stricken areas of England itself and was constantly calling for reform.

On September 2nd, 1939, he joined the Artillery. On June 6th, 1940, he was dead. With an inheritance of "the governing class" through both father and mother; devoted to Duty and the Good Land, with a remarkably resolute character, lighted by the soft lamps of sentiment and the candles of religion, he marched laughing to his destiny.

The book is well planned and well-written. It raises one vital question for Canadians. When shall we see young men of talent looking to public service as the perfect career?

Nostalgia with a Difference

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, by Sally Benson. (Macmillans, \$3.)

SALLY BENSON, of *The New Yorker*, detached, humorous, satirical, ironic, has looked back on family life in St. Louis from June 1903 to May 1904. The Smith family includes a College son, four daughters, Grandpa, Katie the Cook, besides Mr. and Mrs. Daughter Rose is

seventeen and "romantic." Daughter Tootie is six and a holy terror, razzing her sisters, burying her dolls with solemn obsequies, going off with the ice-wagon, plotting and carrying out desperate deeds against such neighbors as she doesn't like.

Mrs. Smith plays and sings when not engulfed in household affairs (perhaps once a year.) Mr. Smith smokes his cigar, plays solitaire in the dining room, or, with a solemn neighbor, and a pint of beer, loses himself in the higher mathematics of cribbage. In his least gloomy moods he admits that his daughters occasionally show gleams of intelligence.

There isn't any story, as stories go, but the whole book is a picture gallery of delightfully amusing characters, each as clearly cut as a fine etching. They are characters at peace with themselves and with St. Louis. The climax is the refusal of Mr. Smith to accept a better job and move to New York. For a time the awful prospect of leaving St. Louis has hung like a thunder-cloud of menace. But it clears, and Katie sighs "Bless the Lord and all the saints!" And then everybody goes to the World's Fair "right here in St. Louis."

There is a lofty yet mischievous quality in the book. Maybe the author herself is Tootie, "grewed-up" and looking back, not with sentimental sighs, but with derisive hoots, punctuating her family affections. She was a dear little devil when she was young, and she's still young, and dear, at thirty-or-so.

Heroes At Work

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, by Godfrey Winn. (Collins, \$1.50.)

A COLLECTION of blazing and lovely sketches on the life aboard the little ships of war; destroyers, corvettes, mine-layers and tugs; on the ways of air-fighters and bombers, pilots, observers and gunners. The author is not writing from hearsay; he has lived and sailed and flown with these gallant men whose adventuring far surpasses that of the Paladins who stride through the legends of past time.

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FOUNDED 1899



Ethel Britton, playing opposite to Francis Lederer in "No Time for Comedy," Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the week beginning Aug. 10.

WHEN Allard de Ridder came from the Pacific Coast a year ago to take the post of violist in the Hart House String Quartet, he was known to those who follow Canadian music in its national aspects, as former conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra and an important constructive factor in the musical life of that city. He must have builded well, for his fledgling of 1933 was this past winter under Sir Thomas Beecham, and has of late been heard in a series of concerts under Sir Ernest MacMillan.

Mr. de Ridder is a Dutchman by birth and learned conducting under no less a personage than the unique Willem Mengelberg. His complete grasp of the works which he conducted at last week's Prom concert was apparent. At first he seemed rather restrained, perhaps owing to the fact that it was a debut, but as the evening wore on his natural fervor and

romantic enthusiasm asserted themselves. Thus a program that began coldly ended in stirring excitement. The gravity of his demeanor was apparently the facade of intense personal emotion that revealed itself in wild, stimulating music like the "Carneval Romain" of Berlioz and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (No. 12 of the pianoforte series). He began with Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony which, once in a while, is played in a really romantic way, but in Mr. de Ridder's hands seemed "just a classic"—if you take my meaning.

His real individuality was manifest in a glowing rendering of Smetana's richly varied tone-poem "The Moldau". The rendering flowed onward beautifully, as if every charming scenic episode were a joy to the conductor. Even more dynamic and brilliant was "Carneval Romain". Mr. de Ridder did not make the error of starting the fireworks too soon but built up a thrilling crescendo with expert ease. His rendering of the Liszt number was one of the finest one has heard,—not a trace of the slipshod which usually creeps into modern performances of Liszt Rhapsodies. It was thrilling in attack, shading and execution.

Mr. de Ridder's scholarship was apparent in the address with which he co-operated with Orre Pernel in the orchestral part of the two last movements of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, the lyrical Larghetto and the jocund though more commonplace Rondo. The Concerto, held in universal admiration today, was a failure and was neglected in the composer's life-time and brought to life by Joachim, who composed the

cadenzas which Miss Pernel rendered with flawless brilliance. It has been said of the Larghetto that it depends on beautiful tone; mere dash and expertise will not suffice. Lovely tone, produced with a perfect cantilena, is Miss Pernel's forte. Her expression is at all times subtle and moving. Though I have heard her on previous occasions, it has always been in large auditoriums. In a recital of intimate character she would be ravishing. I was close enough to catch the amazing finesse of her shading and the noble endowment of "inner rhythm" revealed in the Falla-Kreisler "Vida Breva", in which she had enchanting assistance from Gwendolyn Williams.

Miss Parlow's Retrospect

In connection with the Toronto Conservatory Summer School, the superb violinist Kathleen Parlow gave a series of recitals covering the development of violin music from alpha to omega, and had very able assistance at the pianoforte from Frances Marr. The two recitals I heard dealt with modern violin music from Brahms to the present time and were delightful, not only because Miss Parlow played magnificently in many different styles, but because she lucidly discussed problems of interpretation and illustrated her points by reminiscences of her own studies. Musical memories handled by one whose profound artistic perceptions are seasoned with humor are delightful.

Her retrospect is lengthy. It was in 1905 that this Canadian girl, well grounded by studies in America, appeared in London as a "prodigy", and made a command appearance before

Queen Alexandra. Mischa Elman, then in the first flush of his fame, advised her to go to St. Petersburg and study with his teacher, the great Russian violinist Leopold Auer. There was wisdom in the choice, because Auer, though then sixty was destined to fame as the teacher of Zimbalist, Heifetz, and a dozen other famous violinists including Miss Parlow herself. She was in her sixteenth year when she reached the Russian capital. Its blue skies, beautiful vistas, clear air, and vivacious and enthusiastic art atmosphere made it seem like dreamland. She sees again the St. Petersburg of those distant days whenever she plays a Brahms violin sonata. Last week she and Miss Marr gave a most beautiful rendering of that in G major which contains the magical slow movement entitled "Anima" (Soul).

Brahms was Auer's idol despite his Russian nativity, and he taught the Canadian girl to regard his music as the "last word". She heard Auer play all the Brahms violin sonatas with the great pianist Annette Essipoff, at one time married to Leschetizsky. One of Auer's hobbies in which his pupils had great difficulty in satisfying him was the Brahms Waltzes, usually done nowadays in a casual sing-song way. Miss Parlow played one of them as Auer taught her to render it, and it became a passionate poem, marked by lovely nuances.

She was interesting also in her description of how the Russians play love songs with a lingering, longing quality. With her violin she contrasted the deep emotional way in which a Russian would play Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile with the light, sentimental style familiar to us.

One of the violinist's most fervent and poetic interpretations was Ernest Chausson's "Poeme". It was based on the rendering of Eugene Ysaie to whom the work is dedicated. She described for the younger generation his golden tone and the splendor of his bowing. She surprised listeners by stating that though Chausson was a Frenchman, the "Poeme" was the highest development of the Belgian school of violin music and was intended to be so, when the composer sought to compose a work worthy of Ysaie.

Ravel's Jazz Sonata

One of the most unique and fascinating works she performed was Ravel's only Violin Sonata, a product of the wave of enthusiasm for "Blues" and other forms of Negro jazz which swept Paris fifteen years ago. "Jazz to Ravel," says his biographer, Madeline Goss, "was the most important contribution of modern times to the art of music, and as distinct in its form as Spanish dances, the rhapsodies of Hungary, or Russian folk-songs. He traced the beginnings of jazz back to certain old Scottish melodies." (Hoot, mon!) On his tour of America early in 1928 Ravel himself played this Jazz Sonata with the violinist Szveti. It had already been introduced by Jelly d'Aranyi and Myra Hess. Listeners at the time found the work difficult to understand because of curious dissonances created by writing in two keys at once, the piano part A flat, the violin in G. Since 1927 we have all become used to mixed tonalities and last week I do not think any listener had difficulty in following Miss Parlow's lucid, headlong interpretation. Much of it is wild stuff with the violin used like a banjo and an orgiastic African finale. Miss Parlow is evidently a thorough person. She commenced to study this work a few years ago in San Francisco and sought instruction in the trick of jazz playing from two young men in the Horace Heidt Dance Orchestra, much to their surprise and even embarrassment. Her rendering last week showed how well she, the Brahms idolator, could learn new tricks. The Ravel Sonata is so fas-



Thomas L. Thomas, Baritone who will be Guest Artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert at Varsity Arena August 13. Frank Murch conducting.

inating that it is to be hoped that soon she will play it before a less exclusive audience.

Hamlet's Dreams

Many readers must have heard of the production in London of a ballet based on "Hamlet" arranged by Robert Helpmann, choreographer of Sadler's Wells Theatre. Naturally Mr. Helpmann went to Tchaikovsky for his music as most choreographers do when they decide to arrange a new ballet of tragic import. In his scores are ample stores of emotional themes that help to embellish any situation. The "Hamlet" scenario on examination proves to be based on the line: "To die—to sleep—perchance to dream". So the dream begins as the dead Hamlet is being borne from the stage by the servitors of Fortinbras. In phantasmagoria the Prince meets again the characters of the play dancing and miming to the surge of the music. Strangely nobody has noted that this scheme does not come from Shakespeare at all but from J. B. Priestly. Those who have read or seen the latter's fantasy "Johnson Over Jordan" will recall that precisely the same thing happens to Johnson immediately after death as to Hamlet in this ballet. He meets those whom he has known in life in strange, bewildering circumstances. Some of Johnson's dream was ballet also, with music by Benjamin Britten.



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FILM AND THEATRE

"Mrs. Miniver"

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WHAT "Mrs. Miniver" has to say about England under fire will doubtless be said over and over again before the war is over. It will probably be said in approximately the same way, for "Mrs. Miniver" is a rich field for cinematic borrowing. But "Mrs. Miniver" came first and should be seen first, before any of its inevitable imitators have a chance to reproduce and possibly cheapen both the things it has to tell us and its extraordinary and moving way of telling them.

The producers of "Mrs. Miniver" have taken Jan Struthers' volume of rather slight and casual sketches and borrowing nothing more than the title, characters and good-will, have turned it into the first great unforgettable film of the war. It is a beautifully contained picture which scarcely moves from one corner of England. Yet it contrives to reveal, as in a turning bowl of light, the whole inner meaning of the war as it invades secluded happy lives.

The Minivers are a well-to-do upper-middle-class English family. They live happily just a little outside their means, in a pleasant country house. They have three children, two servants, (both comies, inevitably), and life is beautifully ordered for their convenience and enjoyment. Then the war comes and their ideal family life is turned into the particular kind of hell that only the Nazis could invent. The son Vin (Richard Ney) joins the Royal Air Force. His young bride (Teresa Wright) is killed in an air raid; and Mr. and Mrs. Miniver (Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson) crouch in an Anderson shelter with their two younger children while the Nazis turn their pleasant house into a crazed ruin. In the end they have little left except their lives and the grim sense that the horror must be ridden through. The outer world of the Minivers has been utterly shattered. Their inner world remains unshakable.

In all this not a single emotional or dramatic possibility has been overlooked. "Mrs. Miniver" could easily be teary or melodramatic; but it never is. For William Wyler, one of the craftiest of Hollywood's directors, understands perfectly the art of playing up emotion and drama simply by playing them down. There is probably no finer cinematic sequence anywhere than the one he uses to describe Dunkerque: the mysterious summons to all owners of water-craft throughout England, the speculation

and bewilderment, then the dark slow-moving flotilla of little boats creeping down the Thames estuary and the bodiless voice of the loud-speaker, hollow-sounding through the fog, calling for volunteers. . . That is all you know of Dunkerque till Mr. Miniver's bullet-scored little launch pulls up slowly at the dock and Mr. Miniver steps out, haggard, unshaven, heavy with fatigue. . . "Then it was all in the papers. Good, I won't have to tell about it."

You have heard not a sound of Dunkerque. Yet nothing that has been written or told of that fantastic chapter of history describes it more completely than these few detached and eloquent scenes.

As propaganda "Mrs. Miniver" gives the English point of view the best coverage of the war. There is the quiet life of a peaceful people wantonly destroyed. There is Lady Beldon (Dame May Whitty) who at the beginning represents England's privileged classes at their arrogant worst and is gradually turned, under the fierce impact of war, into a human if not a lovable figure. There is the fugitive German airman chattering Aryan gibberish and getting his face slapped by the outraged Mrs. Miniver. There is finally the message of the Vicar, delivered among the ruins of his little Gothic church and resolving the story. . . "This is not only a war of soldiers in uniform. It is a war of the people. . . It is our war. We are the fighters. Fight it then. Fight it with all that is in us." It is good propaganda, persuasive and moving and perfectly consistent with the mood and action of the story. The whole picture indeed has much of the quiet faithful tone of the best of the British documentaries, "London Can Take It", and "Christmas Under Fire".

So much immediate emotion is involved in "Mrs. Miniver" that it is hard to say how good it really is. One would have to see it a year, or ten years from now to place it fairly in cinematic history. No amount of time however can alter its warmly sensitive quality, or make it seem less than a miracle of screen integration with every element—story, cast, acting, dialogue, direction—held in perfect balance. At the same time it may not have, for later audiences, the peculiar intensity it holds for us today. All one can say is that this, the first fine picture of the war, may very well turn out to be one of the greatest films Hollywood ever made.

Glory Not Reflected

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

GLORIA SWANSON is at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week in a play called, for no apparent reason, *Reflected Glory*, by George Kelly. She is supposed to represent a great emotional actress, comparable to Sara Bernhardt. It's a mere supposition. Actually she represents Gloria Swanson as she was in *The Pictures*; a girl capable of stately moments. To stretch such moments over three acts is beyond her ability, particularly when the play at its best is clap-trap, and at its worst has the dulness of ditch-water.

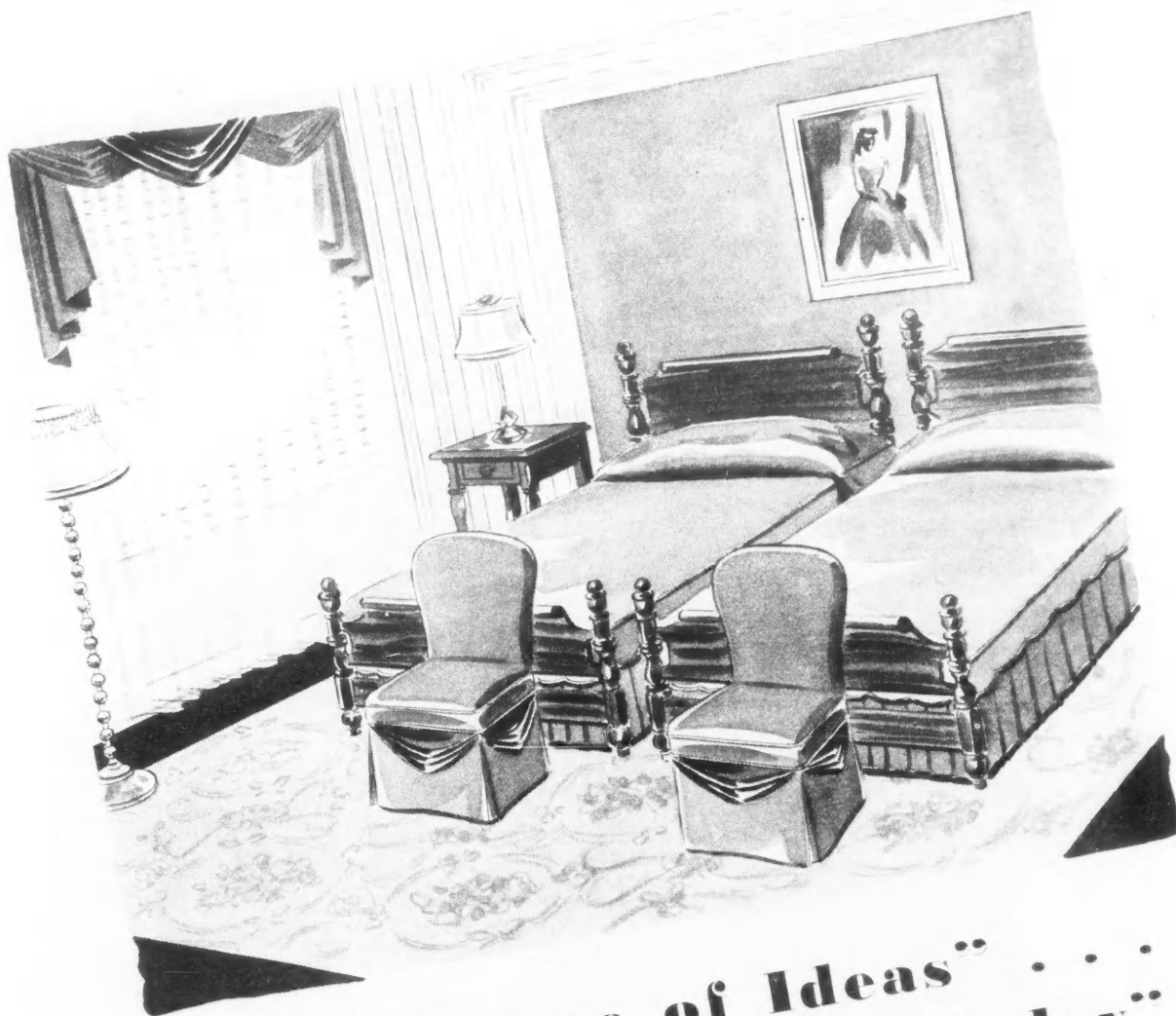
Miss Swanson has neither the magnetism nor the voice to carry the role. Her tone is ordinary, her diction inadequate. At the climax of the play she is excellent momentarily, for she knows how to walk and is accomplished in the standard poses, gestures and varieties of facial expression.

The private life of stage favorites has long been pay-ore for dramatists. People are supposed to pity the poor creatures with no evening fire-side, and no "cheild" yammering in the

middle of the night for a drink; and with only a thousand a week, or so!

In this instance the Queen of Emotions has an old boy-friend from Baltimore who wants to "take her away from all this." Then she has on a string a Chicago play-boy, whose promiscuous tastes in the matter of ladies are revealed just in time to save her from the high folly of marrying him. Ultimately she will marry her manager, a consummation devoutly to be wished since they are both bad-tempered and inclined to be nutty.

Douglas Gregory did a fine job as the manager. He was constantly in character, and could express extreme indignation without ranting. Eulabelle Moore was excellent as the colored maid who knew marriage from experience and longed to go home some night and meet nobody. Myrtle Tannehill, as the hard-boiled comedienne was satisfactory, but the speed of her utterance frequently clouded her lines; not that it mattered much, for all the lines of the play were singularly lacking in wit or distinction.



SEE "House of Ideas" . . .
and "Apartments of Today"

These days, when our homes mean more in our lives because we live in them more, we should strive to make them as attractive, as restful, as inviting as possible. In refurnishing "House of Ideas" and "Apartments of Today," for the August Sale, Simpson's has introduced many ideas in color grouping, in furniture, in rugs and draperies, that could all be transplanted to individual homes which must be refurnished or redecorated out of today's incomes.



"House of Ideas" introduces a timely new theme in the delightful way it suggests an 18th century Chinese influence. You glimpse it in the colorings and draperies, in the decorative accents. Note that all the furniture is featured in the August Sale.

"Apartments of Today" is done with Interchangeable Modern furniture in wheat-finished Canadian yellow birch, maple veneers and rift-sawn oak veneers. Interchangeable Modern may be readily adapted to various uses in different settings in the same room or in different rooms throughout an apartment or larger home. It's the newest in modern design and as practical as its name suggests.

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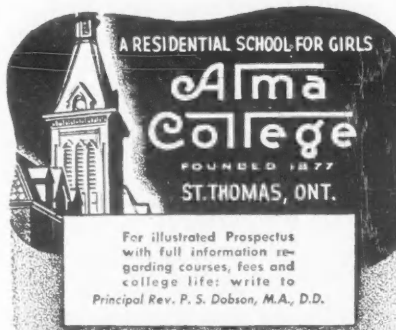
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Maternal Advice in 1430

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WHEN the mammas of the 15th Century gave advice to their marriageable daughters it was far from being the tepid stuff handed out in books of the "Advice to Young Girls" variety of a generation or so ago. What is more, the tenor of the advice suggests that the so-called "Flaming Youth" of the 1920's was a pretty feeble imitation of the lively goings-on around town in the 1430's. We came across it the other day in "The Boke of Curtesye" under the heading "How the Good Wife Taught Her Daughter." Translated into modern English this, in part, is mother's advice:

"If you will be a good wife, love God and go to church; don't let the rain stop you.

"Be courteous to all.

"Despise no offer of marriage, but consult your friends; and don't go where your lover might get you into trouble.

"Love your husband above all earthly things. Answer him meekly, and he'll love you.

"Be well-mannered, not a romp or rude.

"In walking, don't toss your head and wriggle your shoulders.

"Don't swear.

"In town, don't gad about, or get drunk on your cloth-money.

"Where good ale is going, drink moderately.

"If you get drunk often, you'll be disgraced.

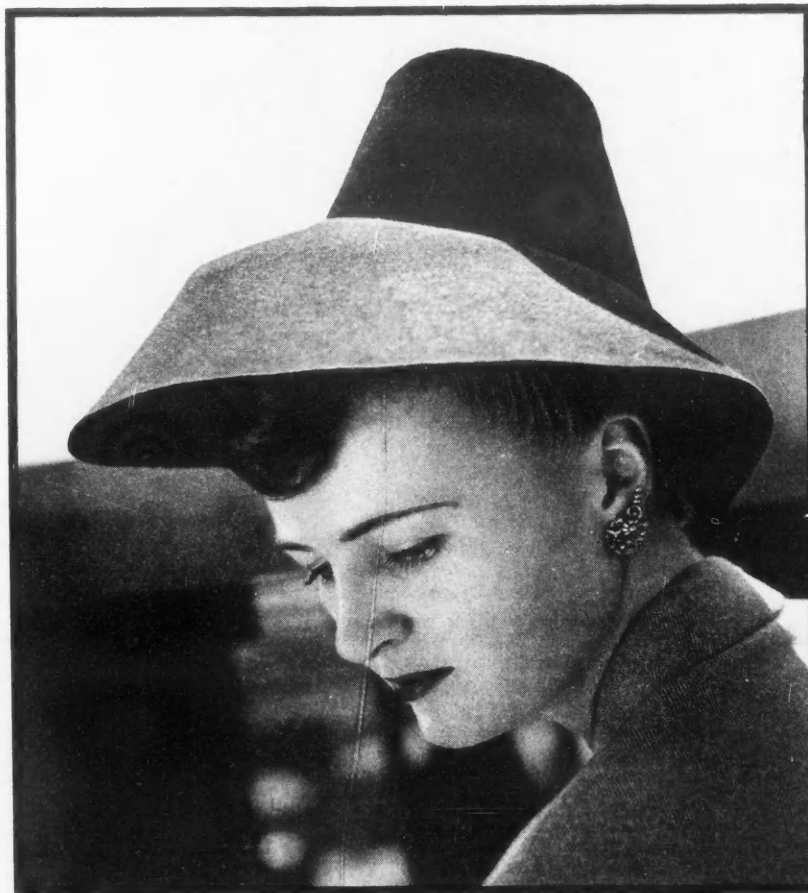
"Don't go to public shows like a strumpet, but stay at home.

"When any man speaks to you, greet him only, and then let him go on, as he might tempt you to wrong.

"Take no gifts; they're the ruin of many a true woman.

"If your children are saucy, don't curse them, but give 'em a smart flogging till they cry for mercy.

"On your daughter's births begin to



Lilly Dache's high-crowned, deep-fitting beaver-felt-and-felt in rich glowing brown creates a deep curved frame for the features beneath. The brim tapers to a curving V at the nape of the neck. The original has been copied faithfully by the Millinery Salon, Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

collect goods for their marriage.

"Keep all that I've told you, and your husband won't repent marrying you."

Baltimore Guest

Lunched with Mrs. Mildred Geare of the Baltimore "News-Post", when she was entertained recently by several fellow-members of the newly-formed Quota Club of Toronto. Mrs. Geare, a handsome brown-eyed woman who uses her hands with animated gestures, has the distinction of being the only woman political feature writer on a Baltimore paper,

and has covered several National Conventions in addition to editing a weekly Sunday page featuring news of Baltimore clubs, 125 clubs, no less!

She was one of the very few newspaper representatives present at the reception held at the British Embassy during Their Majesties' visit to Washington, and she tells with great amusement of her feelings as, standing in the front line when Their Majesties left at the conclusion of the reception, the Queen singled her out to say, "Oh, I did enjoy this afternoon so much!" Mrs. Geare says she replied, frankly overcome, "Oh, we



Circular bed throw and tuck-in petticoat ruffle are made of sheer material for an all-washable bedroom. Draperies, dressing table skirt, valance, are of same material for easy laundering and an airy outlook.

were so glad to have you!"

This is Mrs. Geare's first visit to Canada, and of all the things she has seen the one that impressed her most is—a poster. It is the Canadian Women's Army Corps recruiting poster which illustrates a khaki-clad woman marching shoulder to shoulder with a soldier. The fact that Canadian women have achieved recognized standing as an important and integral part of the services, says Mrs. Geare, is something that makes them greatly envied by American women who have been working very hard for similar recognition with United States' forces.

Moveable Arrangements

We are on the side of simple house-keeping. Anything that saves ten steps or ten minutes inspires us to stand up and cheer.

Good sense almost always makes good decorating. Draperies that come out of the tub as fresh as the day you first fancied them, rugs that launder like towels, year-round slipcovers aren't smart fads. They are realism for these times when homes travel light and home-makers double or triple at outside jobs. Or for those who never know when the household chattels will have to be transported from one end of the country to the other at something less than a moment's notice.

On this page we show one solution evolved for those who are interested in either permanent or temporary decorating arrangements involving the least outlay in time and upkeep without being bleak.

The bedcover has a circular swing at the four corners. It falls into natural folds from the top of the bed with no tucking in nor seam straightening at the corners. It's cut to stop short at half the height of the bed, bringing to light the petticoat ruffle.

The petticoat ruffle looks exactly as it sounds. It tucks tidily under the mattress and stays put there without involving itself in bed making or unmaking. It sets up a permanent screen for the helter skelter of boxes one may slide under the bed if she is desperate for extra closet space. Bedcover and ruffles are made to match in organdie. The same theme is carried through the curtains. Note, too, that even the flower pictures over the bed are framed with removable ruffles which can be snapped off and sent to the laundry.

Fall Fashions

A dress specially designed for bowling the great indoor sport from September on. It's of twill weave spun rayon gabardine and gives freedom where it is most needed as one tosses the ball down the alley and watches hopefully for a strike. There are button slit sleeves, a skirt and blouse built for action—and well-tailored lines withal. Comes in Fall's new "dusty" shades that don't show soil easily—Luggage Brown, Earth, Bomber Gray, Honor Gold, Commando Blue, Canada Green. . . Our fashion-minded government has had a hand in selecting the shoe colors to be worn during the coming season—"town" brown, golden tobacco, turf tan, Kona red (wine), black and white. . . Kangaroo fur from "down under" is the most recent pelt to make its debut in this country. A hard-wearing fur, it's used for coats of the swagger sport type.

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SHE stood on a downtown corner, trim in her dark gray uniform and matching Stetson. Her day began at 11.15. It was now 11.45 but already she had sold numberless strips of car tickets and answered at least as many questions.

No, the tickets were not bogus. The girl from out of town who wanted to locate her friend in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) would probably reach her by enquiring at No. 6 Manning Depot on Jarvis St. No, she was not tagging for the Red Cross. No, she did not belong to any of the Women's Services, she was a Toronto Transportation Commission Guide. No, in a slightly amazed voice, she did not sell oranges. Yes, she could change a ten dollar bill

WORLD OF WOMEN

Have You Your Ticket?

BY DOROTHY CUMMING

and no, she did not get a commission on the tickets she sold, her job was an extension of the service retained in hotels during conventions and in bus terminals by the T.T.C.

She might have gone on to explain that she had undergone a thorough training before being placed on that

particular corner and did circus, convention or Boy Scouts from England come to town she was immediately informed of it and able to direct enquirers to the spots where their activities were in progress. She knew when and where baseball games were scheduled and what teams were playing and could instruct strangers what street car routes they should take to see them.

All these things she might have explained had not this been one of her busiest moments and had she not spied, out of the corner of her eye, a male customer about to turn impatiently away. Men, she had learned early in her job, are not good waiters. If she is busy, they simply back off and get their tickets from the conductor.

Next, she approached a woman laden with bundles but she had her ticket ready. She was carrying it between her teeth! A purely feminine habit, the Guide had found. After her came a man who indignantly wanted to know (a) Why women never have anything smaller than a ten dollar bill with which to purchase car tickets? and (b) Why do they insist upon carrying everything but a jeep in their purses and consistently bury their car tickets under this accumulated mass of trivia?

Fortunately, at that moment his street car came along and the Guide was not called upon to reply. Had she, however, she could have told him, but of course wouldn't, that women wanted to know, (a) Why men never have anything smaller than a ten dollar bill, etc. and (b) Why must men explore every pocket before producing their ticket?

Purely Superficial

This exasperation with the foibles of the other's sex is, the Guide knew, purely superficial. There is a camaraderie, a sort of give-and-take, hitherto present only during the Christmas and New Year season, springing up in the attitude of street car patrons toward each other and now that the purpose of the T.T.C. Guide is understood, their co-operation with her is whole-hearted.

England has its conductorettes and some of the southern states have "hostesses" who acquaint strangers with street car routes, city landmarks, the locations of hotels and like information, but it remained for Toronto to introduce the Guide.

The Guide is the product of war conditions and increasing population. Gasoline rationing, the rubber shortage and the influx of war workers into the city were taxing transportation facilities to the limit. Something had to be done. The question was, what? It was found, upon investigation, that traffic was considerably delayed by the buying of car tickets from conductors and by customers not having their tickets ready to put in the box. But where else would the street car riding public buy its tickets if not from the conductor?

Human Nature

Someone suggested enlisting the aid of storekeepers on or near the busiest corners. It was felt however, that the scheme would interfere with regular store trade. Besides, it was problematical whether John Q. Public would trouble to get his tickets in a store.

At last the idea of extending the service already in operation in T.T.C. bus terminals and hotels was hit upon. If the public wouldn't go for its tickets, then the tickets would be brought to the public. At first, the public, not fully understanding the function of the Guide, was chary. But not for long. Recently a T.T.C. inspector clocked the boarding of a street car at the corner of Albert and Dundas, one of the heaviest loading points, and found that 56 people



Miss Margaretta Smith

Popular debutante of Vancouver, B. C., says:

"With our boys 'all out' for Victory, a girl wants to look bright and appealing. So I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to encourage clear radiance in my complexion."

Daily care with famous Woodbury Facial Soap soon brings new clear-freshness to the skin. A special costly ingredient makes Woodbury extra mild. Try Woodbury Soap... made for the skin alone. See your complexion bloom!

"For Camellia-Clear Skin"...says Deb "Try my Woodbury Facial Cocktail"



1. Margaretta studies Journalism, hopes to write news releases. She says: "Cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap makes my skin glow."



2. "Iather up Woodbury Soap to loosen all grime and soiled make-up. Then send drabness on its way with two clear-water rinsings."



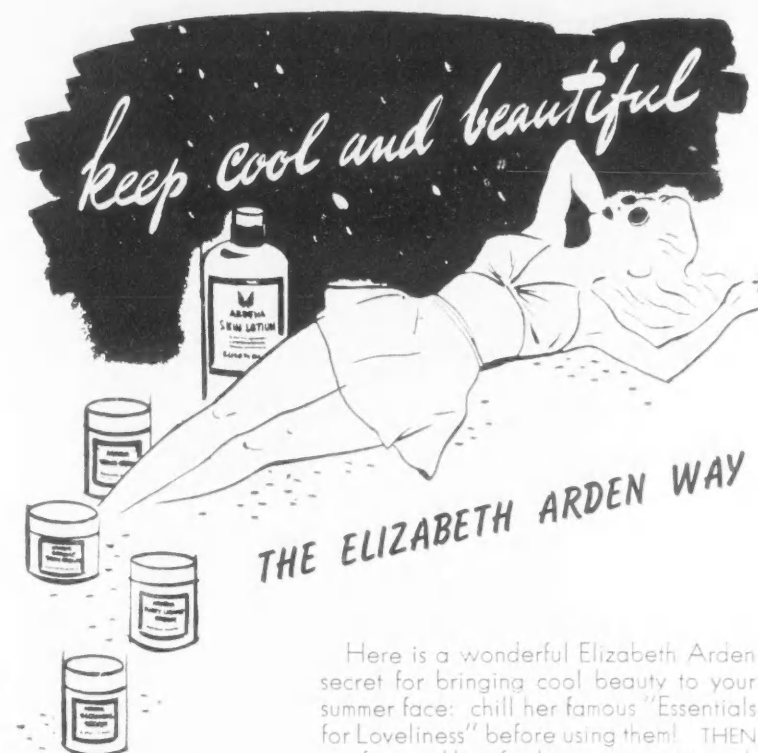
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Elizabeth Arden

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boarded the car in 35 seconds. All save one had their tickets ready and that one was a man who dashed across the intersection and made the car just before the doors closed.

Her first day on duty our particular Guide sold some \$75 worth of tickets. Now she sells \$200 worth and the amount increases daily. On various pay days her sales climb higher for many workers buy their tickets for the week then.

It was getting close to 1.30. The rush was quieting. The Guide relaxed a little. Behind her she could hear one of the revolving doors of the department store before which she stood, swishing 'round and 'round, but nobody seemed to be coming out. Investigating, she discovered a five year-old boy, close to tears. He had lost his mother and thought if he kept going around he'd find her again! She turned the child over to a floor walker who assured her he would be looked after.

Returned to her corner again, the Guide was accosted by a soldier and his wife who wished to make a sight-seeing tour of the city. Where would they find such a bus? There would be, explained the Guide, no more such tours by bus for the duration, but she was sure an interesting one by street car and the usual bus routes could be arranged. Here was a T.T.C. information card. If they would take their problem to whoever was in charge there, they would be taken care of.

They departed, smiling, and the Guide looked up at Big Ben. One minute to two. One minute to lunch time. The hour she would be gone would be relatively quiet since from

the more you wash it-the better!

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Buy Viyella by the yard. Make your own sportswear—suit, dress or blouse for yourself or the children.

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two to three outbound traffic is fairly light. Two o'clock struck and she left the corner.

At three, she was back again. Shoppers, laden with parcels, began to gather at the car stop, first in bunches, then in crowds. Some, recognizing her, jokingly held up their tickets as they passed. She could see they wouldn't hold up traffic! The questions began. How did one get to Kingston Road? Did the Bay cars stop here? A smart Alec understood in a provocative tone, that she arranged dates. The Guide gave him a level look and turning her back upon him, approached a shopper. "Have you your ticket?" The afternoon rush was well underway.

THE cannery down our way got itself burned down a month ago. When we drove past, moving down for the summer, with a bicycle tied on with string on the front and the back seat of the car heaped with such necessities of life as a case of beer, and vast piles of books surmounted by two wild-eyed Persian cats, there were loud cries of "Let's stop and see!" "Look at those flames and that one little hose!"

The driver barely slowed down, to every one's indignation. "Why couldn't we have stopped?" "I've never seen a really good fire!" said complaining voices.

"I won't stop with all this junk attached. You can take it off and go back if you like," and the speedometer rapidly showed the amount of the legal speed limit.

Of course we didn't go back though we watched with interest the heavy cloud of smoke rising two miles away. The next day when we passed a huge swaying truck of peas half a mile from the tottering blackened walls of the cannery we speculated as to what you do when you have as many peas as that and no cannery. Mercifully for the local pea owners we discovered that they were shelling the peas on a sort of verandah which hadn't burned and shipping them off to be quick-frozen. By now the place is nearly rebuilt, and after the last month I look at it with deep respect and hope that just a few of their cans may find their way onto my shelves.

Perhaps your summer of canning has provided you with happy memories and beautiful rows of full bottles. There are quite a lot of full

bottles in this cellar, but few beautiful memories in the mind and several burns on the hand. The happy notion of early spring that you would pop a few vegetables or a little fruit into bottles every day and save untold money and please the government doesn't look so happy now. The fruit is fine. The strawberries, cherries and raspberries look lovely, and I feel like patting the bottles as I go past, but the vegetables are another story. The government booklet, which is clear and excellent, warns you that unless you have a pressure cooker which will raise the temperature to above boiling point, spoilage is quite likely to occur. Apparently even the best cook can't buck the fact that "certain bacteria which grow in vegetables may survive boiling temperatures for a very long period," (six hours or longer). You are recommended to boil all home canned vegetables when you open them to use them for ten minutes before you even taste them to see if they are all right. This boiling will kill the worst form of toxin which isn't always to be detected by taste.

This useful little book which gives such clear but not unduly optimistic directions is called "Conserve by Canning" and was prepared by the Women's Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, in co-operation with MacDonald Institute, Guelph; the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; and the Home Economics School of the Kemptville Agricultural School.

However discouraged we may all feel about possible spoilage we mustn't give up canning whether we are the proud owners of a steam pressure cooker or not. Perhaps this is a lucky year for home canning and the bacteria will die off easily. Peas and beans are such good vegetables to have on the shelves in the winter—though peas are nearly over—it is unfortunate that they are two of the vegetables which are hardest to do, but this is how the booklet tells you to go about it.

Green Peas

"Use only young tender peas. Shell and wash. Blanch three to ten minutes until the skin wrinkles but does not burst. Remove and dip in cold water. Pack lightly in jars. Add

CONCERNING FOOD

Sure You Can!

BY JANET MARCH

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt to each pint. Fill jars with boiling water. Partially seal and process." And—"Peas are difficult to can successfully by the hot water bath." Cook in the hot water bath for three hours or process in the pressure cooker with ten lbs. of pressure for forty-five minutes. A bulletin of the Dominion Government, by Edith L. Elliot, called "Canning Fruits and Vegetables" recommends what she calls "Intermittent Sterilization" for peas, which means doing it for three successive days for an hour a day in the hot water bath. If you do this you can leave the jar standing in the boiler or remove each day and tighten up the top.

Green Beans

These seem to be a little easier to do. "Cut and cover with boiling water. Let boil five minutes in an uncovered kettle. Drain. Pack in jars when hot. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt to each pint. Cover with boiling water. Seal and process three hours in the hot water bath, fifty minutes with ten pounds of pressure in the steam cooker." Again intermittent sterilization is recommended for beans.

I cannot find directions for the method I can remember being followed at home in the last war. We cut the beans—a perfectly indefinite number of them—and packed them in a crock with a heavy brine solution. They kept all right, but no one then told us about the vitamins which love to fly out of the vegetables at the slightest opportunity. We used to soak these beans overnight before using them and even so your tongue hung out of your mouth with thirst for a long time afterwards. Salt is a very enduring thing.

Carrots

These do not have to be cooked so long, and those little whole ones are lovely to have. "Wash thoroughly. Scrape off skin. Cover with boiling salted water (1 teaspoon salt to each quart of water). Boil three to five minutes. Dip in cold water one minute. Pack upright in jars alternating stem and root ends. Fill with

boiling liquid. Seal and process two hours in the water bath, thirty-five minutes with ten pound pressure in the steam cooker.

Beets

"Wash. Leave small beets whole. Boil in water to cover till the skin slips off easily (fifteen minutes). Plunge into cold water. Remove tops and skins. Grade for size. Pack into jars. Do not add salt to beets. Fill jars with boiling water. Partially seal and process one and a half hours in the water bath or thirty minutes with ten pound pressure in the steam cooker."

After the shortage of canned corn this year we will all want to do some of it.

Corn

"Husk corn and remove silk. Cut kernels from cob. Cover with boiling water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt and two teaspoons of sugar for each quart. Bring just to boiling point. Fill jars. Seal and process three hours in the water bath, 75 minutes with fifteen pound pressure in the steam cooker."

All the experts agree that if you are using the water bath method with vegetables it is wise to keep to pints as the centre of the smaller bottles gets heated more rapidly. Also it is suggested that only a few bottles be done at a time as then only one small batch may be affected by spoilage.

Each time as I wage the home canner's battle with fitting tops and rubbers, and fishing out burning hot bottles after sterilization—which, by the way, is absolutely necessary with vegetables—I think of beautiful simple cans and of how spoiled we were. Why we even scorned the things sometimes. Well I could build an altar to cans now, but I won't be beaten. I'm going to put everything that grows in these parts into a bottle. Still I'm glad the cannery is canning again in spite of its fire. If England and the Army don't need all its cans I hope I'll get a few small ones.

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

SOMETHING NEW FOR BREAKFAST

BOVRIL OMELETTE

TEMPTING
TASTY
DELICIOUS:

when preparing as usual, beat in with each 2 eggs, a small teaspoonful of BOVRIL.

The result is a dish of delightful flavor that tempts appetite.

41-13



WHAT'S THIS DELICIOUS DREAM I SEE?

THAT'S NO DREAM—THAT'S A LOVELY LOAF OF BREAD I MADE

UMM—SO FINE-TEXTURED—SO LIGHT!

BAKED WITH FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST TO MAKE IT JUST RIGHT!

For Fine results—use Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—Canada's favorite for over 70 years! You can always count on Fleischmann's to make light, smooth-textured bread that tastes extra good. If you bake at home, ask your grocer for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—with the familiar yellow label.

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Those who want to achieve an attractive suntan such as this, should acquire it by degrees if the skin is to remain undamaged. Ten minutes at a time at first under the sun, then for gradually lengthening periods. Use a sun preparation, too.


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● If your family is fussy about their food, then serve Libby's Prepared Mustard at every meal... a satin-smooth mustard, with a tingling nip and a delicious flavour. Libby's Prepared Mustard will bring out the flavour of any meat course. Keep it on the table always.



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Fill a tall glass with some ice cubes... pour in about three fingers of AYLMEER GRAPE JUICE... fill up with your favourite Dry Ginger Ale, or other "Mixer" and stir gently. * It's Canada's new national drink! Even the cool "blu"-ish color of it makes you feel refreshed! AYLMEER Brand is the pure, undiluted juice of Canada's finest grapes.

AYLMEER Natural Flavour GRAPE JUICE

"We must give our children a peaceful, secure background. Interest them in stories, dramatic play, music, everything that will keep their thoughts in serene, normal channels. Each mother must make her home in the midst of the storm a quiet haven of peace."

Mrs. Andrews, walking rapidly homeward, dragged down on one side by the heavy brown paper shopping bag, agreed heartily with the words of the speaker to whom she had just listened. She had been older than Barbara was now at the time of the last war so that her early childhood had fallen in those last shining years of real peace—years so ingenious that no one had then known that this time was a peace but everyone had supposed it to be simply life. Such a period would never come again. Peace would always now be precariously clutched, painfully enjoyed. So much the more need for spreading peace like a tent over one's war-beleaguered children. A quiet haven of peace, it was something well worth achieving. Mrs. Andrews nodded her head as she shifted the bag to her other hand.

Feet came pounding behind her and two hands struck with staggering impact in the small of her back.

"Guy! You nearly knocked me over. Suppose it had been a stranger."

"Oh, I knew it was you," he answered cheerfully, slipping his fingers through the bag handle beside hers. "I knew that ugly hat. It looks kind of lop-sided."

"No wonder. You were the one who sat on it."

"Well, I didn't like it before that. Guess what?"

"What?"

"They elected me an officer."

"The class? That's splendid, Guy. Congratulations." Here was a normal peacetime activity ready to her hand.

"I think it's pretty good myself," he agreed. "I never was elected anything before."

"It shows they like you. What is the office?"

"Oh no, it's an office nobody wanted, but I wanted it. I'm toothpaste tube convener."

"Oh," She shifted the bag as Guy let go the handle to pull from his pocket three flat, wrinkled objects.

"It's interesting," he said import-

antly, "to see the kinds of toothpaste people use. Did you ever hear of this kind?"

"Do you remember," his mother countered gently, "how we used to make lists of all the different birds we saw in the spring? It's time to begin again and you can keep the list this year."

"Oh gee, the last time I kept it it was just robin, robin, robin. Every bird I see is a robin. Did you ever hear of this kind of toothpaste?"

"No, never. There's Barbara."

"What are you so late for, mom?" Barbara demanded.

"I told you I had a meeting. Are you hungry?"

"Say, Elsa'll be mad. She ran all the way home so she could practice."

"Really? Well, we're nearly there. Music was a peaceful refuge. The drama, stories, art. Suddenly she remembered something and unconsciously walked faster, taking a fresh grip on the handle of the brown bag. Elsa bounded up off the front step, accusing.

"Here I ran all the way and had to wait and wait. Where were you, mom?"

"Why didn't you crawl in the milk door?" Guy asked. "That's what I do."

"I tried to," Elsa turned round and displayed a long rip in her brief skirt. "It's your fault, mom, because you weren't here."

"I know it. Here's the key."

While she distributed the contents of her shopping bag through the kitchen cupboards, Mrs. Andrews half-listened to Barbara's reminiscences. She sat on the kitchen stool with her feet hooked round its legs and knitted laboriously while she talked.

"And this lady had on the sweetest housecoat, it was silk and roses all over. I wish you had one like it, mom, so you could give it to me. And she made me come in and she said, 'If

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

it was cookies I'd take two boxes but we never eat doughnuts.' Her hair was all in curls and she gave me a chocolate. Gee, she was swell."

The school doughnut-selling campaign last week had been the high point of Barbara's life so far. Elsa and Guy had sold doughnuts but Barbara had moved in a kind of rapture through an enchanted doughnut saga.

"And did I tell you about the woman that said I was the eleventh child that tried to sell her doughnuts that day? She had a bulldog with that kind of flat face and I thought, 'What if she sics him on me?'" Barbara shivered happily. "She didn't though. She kind of laughed. I never told you about her."

Mrs. Andrews had heard about each canvasser at least twice a day but she said mildly, "I'm just as glad the doughnut drive is over."

"Oh, I'm not. I wish we'd do it every week. Where you going mom?"

"Down cellar to look for something. You watch the kettle."

When she came back with her prize, Guy was in the kitchen, insisting, "I want a razor blade."

"What for?"

"Johnson was convener before me and he says a razor blade's the best thing to open toothpaste tubes with."

"Not nearly as good as scissors," his mother told him firmly.

TO THE CONTROLLER OF SEASONS

HOLD back the Spring—
Do not let the blue reaches of the air

Rise sun-washed up to God,
Hold back the sap in trees,

Let there be no stirring of life along the branches,
And keep birds silent.

Tell the children to go in doors again
To stop playing marbles and hop-

scotch in the street.
Tell small dogs to cease their tree

sniffing in the park.
Tell people not to linger gossiping

on their front porches.
Tell them Spring was a mistake this

year,
Say messages were mixed in the

headquarters of heaven
And the time is winter.

Say it is regrettable but
Winter must have A1 priority this

year.
Because if you allow Spring to hap-

pen
With soft confusion of leaves and

life
Making explosions of gentleness in

our hearts—
How shall we remember hate,

Or keep aware of death?
Ottawa, Ont. VERNON MARSH.

LAST THOUGHTS

WITH all things soon to be forgotten,
Let me remember now

The grass grew tall about the farm,
And may grow now.

Tall grass, lean grass, sun-lit, wind-

dappled. . .
(Funny, that with the pass

Of great events, I should remember
Merely grass!)

Yellow grass with voices in it,
Unquiet voices full of things

That the soul knows, and the mind
remembers,

And the heart sings;

Green grass with ragged edges
To all its blades, and heavy heads

As thick as wheat, and blue alfalfa
Around the sheds. . .

Since grass is soon to be my blanket
I'll think of grass; the grass is kind,

Blowing along the lost horizons
Of the mind.

R. H. GRENVILLE.

THE OTHER PAGE

Quiet Haven of War

While Guy opened and washed tubes and Barbara's mouth moved to the slow rhythm of her stitches, Mrs. Andrews could hear Elsa's practicing. "Dum - dum - dum - dum - de - dum" the chords came slow and strong, each phrase repeated and repeated till the air shook with the solemn harmony. Elsa had never practised so faithfully before. Her mother paused on the stairs to listen and then ran up to Guy's room.

Beside the door stood three cardboard boxes, one containing neatly folded paper, one snippets of cloth and ends of string and the third a pile of smooth, glittering foil and a clean vanilla bottle. Guy as the household salvage officer watched so alertly for his prey that his mother had to hide the flavoring bottles till the final drop was used, and plead for a wisp of foil to cover the last two cigarettes in the box.

On his table she set the properties and the little figures she and the children had made in that lovely, unrecapturable summer of 1939. She had been certain then that there could not be another war because all adults knew what war was like. She remembered Barbara's ecstasy over the little cardboard house and the green sponge trees and saw Guy's crusted fingers as he modelled the unamenable mixture of cornstarch and salt. Elsa had been too young to help much but her face had grown pink with pleasure as Barbara and Guy enacted the little play before her. From this nostalgic vestige of those far-off days, surely peace and security would flow back into her children's minds.

"Come on," she called eagerly. "Look what I found. Come, Barbara, and see."

Barbara was the quick-kindling one and her mother waited eagerly watching the child's expectant face.

"Oh," Barbara said. "It's that old play of the three bears. Goodness, I thought that were out long ago."

"You haven't seen it for years. Why don't you do the play now before daddy comes?"

"Goldilocks has only one leg," Elsa pronounced thoughtfully. "She's all dusty."

Guy picked up one of the bears. "Do you remember modelling those, dear?" his mother asked hopefully.

"Sure. Gee, I could make lots better ones now. These are corny." He laid it down and all three children moved toward the door.

"Why don't you do the play while I get dinner?" Mrs. Andrews repeated brightly. "Just try it."

Barbara rushed down to the kitchen for something and she heard a chatter of preparation. The play was going forward then; Mrs. Andrews felt a flattered pleasure that they had accepted one of her suggestions. She could plan other simple pursuits for them—gardens, nature study, hand-work islands of peace in the dark, whirling storm. But as she sliced bread and arranged the salad, Mrs. Andrews realized that the noise overhead was becoming a good deal louder than one might expect even the three bears to evoke. She heard hisses and bangs and a nerve-scraping whine which sounded like Guy at his best. Going to the top of the stairs she saw issue from Guy's partly open door a puffing cloud of white which settled lightly on the floor.

For a moment she could not make out what they were doing and the children's exclamations were not helpful.

"The roof's on fire, where's my sand?"

"Here comes another. Whee-eee-eee!" Elsa screeched. "Put baby Bear under the powder box, that's his shelter. Whee-eee!"

One of Guy's model airplanes accompanied by Guy's inimitable airplane noise came swooping over and dropped a tiny tissue paper bag which broke on one of the stiff sponge trees and puffed a wave of white into the air. Mrs. Andrews sneezed and backed away.

"That was a land mine," Barbara yelled. "There goes the house."

"It's just flour, mom," Guy explained as he prepared a new bomb. "We're blitzing the bears. Blitzing the bears," he repeated appreciatively, "blitzing the bears. Which ones are dead now, Barb?"

Mrs. Andrews went quickly downstairs. She remembered as she passed the living room door, Elsa's stately rendition of "God Save the King" which, when it was perfect, she was to play before the whole class. Barbara's knitting lay on the kitchen table; it looked even and firm, no longer a kind of erratic lacework. And she remembered Guy's neat piles of salvage and his absorbed face as he smoothed foil and washed bottles. They had never been so serenely busy, so contentedly active and useful as now. Just then she heard Guy's voice in the upstairs hall.

"Say, we got a lot of stuff on the floor. We better call out the decontamination squad. I'll get a broom."

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Silver Fox trimmed woman's coat, August Sale, each... \$129.00

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You'll deliberate a little longer in choosing your coat this year. You'll realize more fully its significance as the pivot of your wardrobe. It has to be good. It has to spell value. . . and more than ever simple classic style is important. EATON'S has considered these factors carefully. . . is ready with a "value plus" collection. Coats like the full skinned Silver Fox decked one sketched rich with fur, high in quality, and real value for your money.

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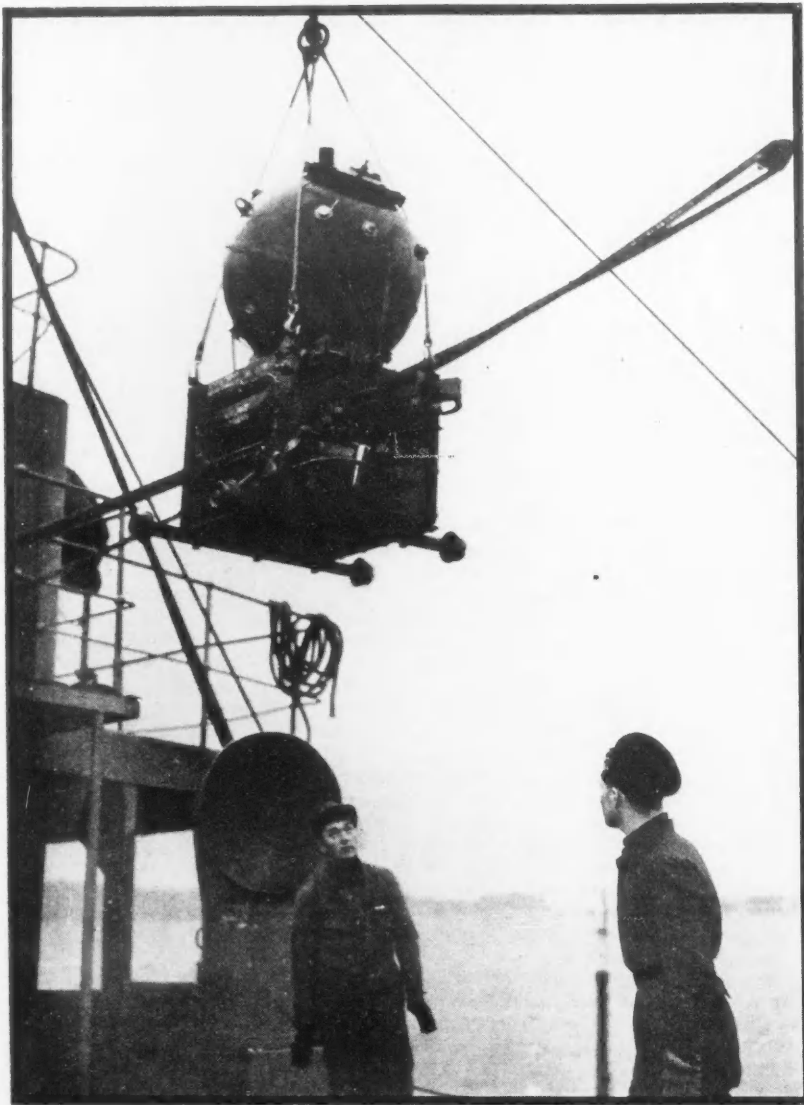
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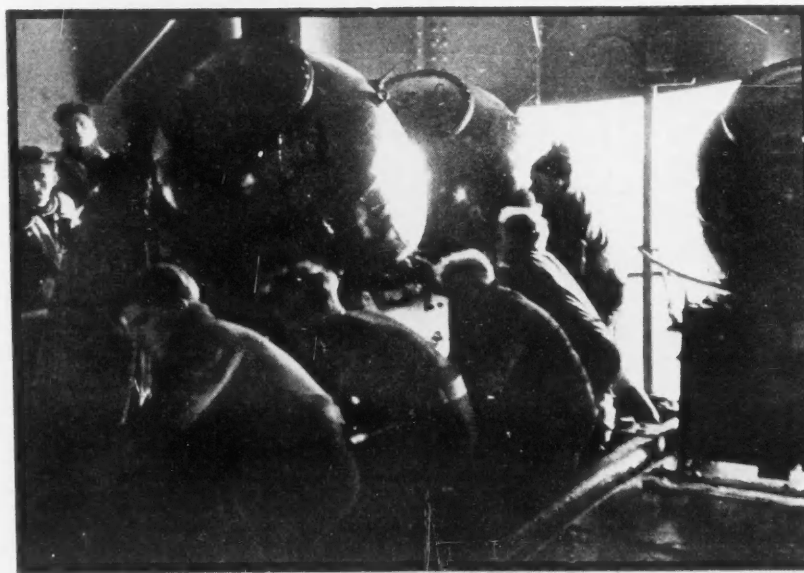
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P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

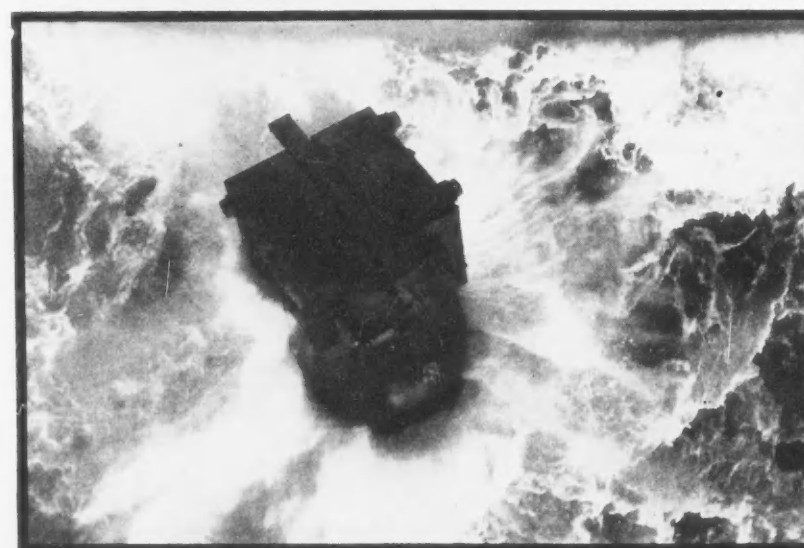
British Shipowners Planning Ocean Skyliners



Vital link in Britain's defensive chain is the network of minefields which guard her shores. Above: mine and its anchor are swung aboard a minelayer. The anchor, containing steel cable, holds mine in place.



Here mines are made ready for launching by minelayer's working crew. Below: mine and anchor go overside, a floating menace to enemy ships.



SIGNS are multiplying that Britain's great shipping companies are determined after the war to operate merchant ships in the sky as well as on the ocean.

Already Sir Percy Bates, Chairman of the Cunard Shipping Company, the famous transatlantic steamship line founded more than a century ago by Samuel Cunard of Halifax, has warned that his company would have to "take to the air," or maintain a direct association with it.

This spokesman for one of Britain's oldest and largest fleets feels that there must be a tie-in between the sea and the air. While he admits that entirely new passenger traffic may be created out of nothing by ocean air travel, he still considers that, given a fair field, the sea can probably hold its own.

However, it is on this question of subsidized post-war air services that the battle lines are now being drawn between shipping and air companies. Not only is the future of one of Britain's greatest industries—shipbuilding and operation—tied up in the current sea-air controversy, but on this outcome may well hinge the future position of Britain in the transportation world.

It is admitted by practically all

BY D. W. BARCLAY

British passenger ship operators are scanning the skies for post-war Atlantic air routes. They declare that the present shipping companies must be given air franchises, as without this support it will be impossible to rebuild ocean passenger tonnage.

The sea-air war now brewing may well decide Britain's position in the post-war transportation world.

students of transportation that hardly any forecast of air transport after this war can be ruled out as too fantastic. Only recently Mr. W. A. Patterson, President of United Air Lines, gave ocean transport executives a glimpse of the future competition which they will have to face when he stated that "for the cost of the *Queen Elizabeth* sufficient airplanes could be built to fly the Atlantic on schedules operating every hour from 9.00 a.m. to 10.00 p.m. per day to accommodate two-thirds of the

mail and passengers transported by all shipping companies on the Atlantic prior to the war."

Also, conservative cost studies recently developed by a prominent United States plane manufacturer, indicate that it will be feasible after the war to build an air liner for Atlantic travel which will run on an average cost basis of 28 cents per ton mile. If this plane is operated at 75% load factor it would show an operating profit on rates of \$225 one way or \$400 return trip. Figures such as these dispel any lingering doubts about the place to be occupied by ocean skyliners when the war is won.

These figures show the way the wind is blowing on Atlantic travel and project many interesting thoughts for the future. Add to these theoretical cost studies the actual figure of 375,000 passengers carried by Pan American Airways on its 99,000 miles of world routes in 1941, and some conception is quickly gained of future air travel possibilities. Even this year, with war clouds hovering above the shoreline of this continent, four air services will speed across the Atlantic. Pan American will operate both north and south routes; British Overseas Airways will run a regular service via the northern

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

An Anti-Inflation Conference?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

AS THIS column has remarked before, Canada's new sky-high taxes plus compulsory savings, price and supply controls and rationing make a fine anti-inflation combination. If these things are properly applied and if the people loyally support them, they should be as effective in preventing inflation as any measures taken by a single nation possibly can be. But can a single nation hold back inflation, if the world trend is strongly toward it? With our dependence on foreign trade, can we succeed in holding our prices down if world prices go skyrocketing? While we Canadians individually wonder how we can possibly manage to do what the Government says it expects us to do—pay the new taxes and buy more war bonds and savings certificates too, and while we try, perhaps, to find some comfort in our country's stronger position respecting inflation, we might do well to consider the inflationary possibilities beyond our own borders.

The fact is that the menace of inflation still exists, and, on balance, is still growing. Throughout the world, the supply of money has been greatly increased and continues to grow rapidly while the supply of goods for consumer use has decreased and continues to decrease. The shortage of consumer goods is likely to be more marked from now on because we are nearing, if we have not already reached, the state of full utilization of our productive resources, where the fighting services' needs for more men and munitions can only be met by corresponding diversions of manpower and materials from civilian use.

Rising Pressure on Prices

So long as we had productive capacity to supply the needs of both, there was little reason to fear inflation, but that is the situation no longer. Reserve stocks of manufactured goods and materials are being consumed, many lines of goods have already disappeared from retailers' shelves and others will do so shortly. The manpower shortage is becoming acute and many producers of less-essential goods are finding it difficult if not impossible to maintain minimum working staffs. This continuing curtailment of consumer supplies is itself fundamentally inflationary.

To keep the economy functioning in these highly abnormal conditions and to prevent runaway inflation, we have to rely on controls and taxes. In Canada we have plenty of both, and they are drastic enough to give us reason to hope that they will at least succeed in keeping inflation within reasonable bounds. But taxes and controls are less onerous beyond our borders than they are here, and even here the taxes plus forced and voluntary savings cannot possibly drain off all the excess public purchasing power.

For evidence of the increase in the supply of money, let us look at the United States. To date Con-

gress has appropriated about \$200 billions for the war effort, and during the 1943 fiscal year it is expected that spending for the war effort alone will be greater than the total national income in the best pre-war year, 1929. That means that the U.S. would have to double its 1929 production—and add a little more for the increase in population since then—in order to have as much available for consumers as in that year. It will not do it, of course, and if it did it would simply mean that the U.S. could produce that much more war material than it is now planning; civilians would still have to "do without."

The Increase in Circulation

This huge government spending is money that eventually finds its way into payrolls and dividends and other receipts by individuals, and to it are added the payrolls and dividends derived from what is permitted to remain of the civilian economy. Taxes, large as they are, take only a part of all this money; the rest is either spent or saved. Workers who only now are able to satisfy needs long-felt can scarcely be expected to save.

There is now over \$12 billions of money in circulation in the United States, outside the Treasury and the Federal Reserve banks. Circulation was less than \$5 billions in the boom year of 1929, and only \$7 billions when the war started in September 1939. It has been growing recently at the rate of about \$2 billions a year. Total bank deposits, exclusive of interbank deposits, are now \$70 billions as compared with \$55 billions in 1929 and \$57 billions in 1939. Since the war started, the growth in deposits has been in checking accounts, which are as spendable as bank notes. Since September 1939, money in circulation has increased 71 per cent and bank deposits 23 per cent.

The outlook is for continued increase in both circulation and bank deposits. It now appears that U.S. commercial banks will be called upon to purchase upwards of \$30 billions of securities from the Treasury during the next twelve months. This will cause demand deposits to increase by approximately the same amount. If circulation grows another \$2 billions, there will thus be another increase of \$32 billions in the amount of money, or its equivalent, in the hands of the public.

In every country engaged in the war, the money supply has increased greatly, the consumer goods supply has diminished. This situation puts an almost unbearable strain on price control systems. Can they stand it? We've done very well in Canada so far, but if runaway inflation develops across the border, we are bound to be affected.

Might not Canada, which has set her own house in order, render service by calling an anti-inflation conference of the United Nations, to bring laggards up to the mark and to dovetail anti-inflation national policies?

route, while American Export Air Lines will inaugurate a new shuttle service to the United Kingdom.

With these facts staring them in the face, and forecasts that the Atlantic will be a veritable air bridge after the war with ten or twelve lines operating, the British shipowners have asked the government whether civil aviation is to be government controlled or whether shipping companies will be granted licenses to protect their passenger trade. On this point Mr. Phillip Runciman, President of the British Chamber of Shipping, recently made a striking remark which perhaps foreshadows the main point at issue when he stated that "If British airways are to be in competition with British passenger companies there will be no inducement to build new ships."

This challenge to British shipowners to fight to the finish any plan which bars them from either direct or joint operation in ocean air services looms as one of the major issues to be tackled in the post-war epoch. These steamship lines, having pioneered many of the ocean routes of the world and done much to lay the foundation of British trade, are not likely to stand aside and allow new air competitors to take the cream of their traffic.

Meanwhile, spokesmen for aviation interests state that Britain prefers to deal with a single organization such as British Overseas Air-

ways for the development of its Empire air routes. The point is made that subsidizing service is different from subsidizing competition. It is also true that the British government will not likely welcome the idea of private enterprise alongside its own state-operated airway system.

Incidentally, while United States government took the same stand until recently in connection with applications for competitive service on the Atlantic with Pan American Airways, this monopoly argument recently gave way to that of regulated competition. It is now felt that controlled competition in air services will promote the growth of trade and travel as have competitive carriers on the ocean. In fact, when the steamship-controlled American Export Air Lines recently received its charter, the Civil Aeronautics Board of United States stated "that competition in transatlantic service between American air carriers was necessary to the sound development of an air transport system."

While Canada has not yet been officially drawn into the present British sea-air controversy it is reasonable to assume that the Dominion government is following matters closely. No doubt the Canadian Pacific, which pioneered the Pacific Ocean route to Asia and the St. Lawrence route to Europe, is as vitally interested as any British shipping concern in the growth of oceanic air

travel. It would also seem that the Canadian Pacific, which organized the Atlantic ferry bomber service now operated by the R.A.F. Ferry Command, and which recently acquired a large network of feeder lines throughout Western and Northwestern Canada, will possibly be in a better position than any steamship company in the world to enter the ocean air field once the war is over.

Mr. D. C. Coleman, newly-appointed President of the Canadian Pacific, recently stated in discussing post-war transport policies that "Flights across the Atlantic and the Pacific are an every day actuality and air transport is a factor which cannot be overlooked in formulating our shipping policy after the war."

Recently Mr. R. C. Vaughan, President of Canadian National, and director of Trans-Canada, stated that "very few ocean liners will be built in the future. There will be a tremendous development of air transportation after the war, both in Canada and across the Atlantic and Pacific."

In these two statements there is summed-up the past experience and future outlook of the nation's leading transportation executives. Both great Canadian travel systems, with their respective investment in air lines, are in the van of the world's railway companies with respect to providing facilities for this vastly

expanding mode of travel. Not only are Canada's railways alive to the great possibilities of airgrowth but each possesses experienced air personnel and facilities. The latter situation is vital for it means that once more equipment is made available there will be a considerable expansion in domestic air carriage and

the likely development of Canadian trans-ocean air routes.

Meanwhile, what the future holds for shipping at the hands of aviation, or for aviation at the hands of shipping, is an open question. However, both agencies are becoming increasingly entwined in one of the major transportation sagas of history.

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In Germany Now

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

AT A time when the Democratic war effort is reaching a new degree of intensity, and when the ordinary man and woman are preparing to shoulder new burdens of work and abstemiousness, it is appropriate to consider how much better off the British and American peoples are than their unhappy enemies in Hitler's Black Land. When we talk of German difficulties we usually mean their oil troubles, or their tank and plane losses, or their machine-tool bottlenecks. But even Germans must live, and German planning must provide for that ineluctable fact together with the fact that the Belgians and the Dutch, the Czechs, and to some extent the Poles, the Danes and the French, the Hungarians and the Rumanians and the Norwegians and the dependent Swedes, must also live. It is a common supposition that all the conquered members of Black Europe are squeezed and starved to an extent which makes possible a quite comfortable standard of living for the Herrenvolk, and it is true enough that they are squeezed till they are almost dry. But the evidence is not that their enforced sacrifices have made life easy for the Germans themselves.

German rations do not differ very widely in fundamentals from ours, but ration goods are much more limited. The German housewife had been used to regular injections of coffee to steel herself against the mounting difficulties of life under the Fuhrer. Now she gets none of the real stuff at all, and very little of the bad imitation. She remembers the time when she was well dressed. Now if she buys one dress and a set of underclothing she has about exhausted her Fuhrer's patience for a year. She was accustomed to warmth and now she is the victim of a coal priority system which reckons her hearth as pretty nearly the last place where a decent German would hope to find a fire. Life is very trying.

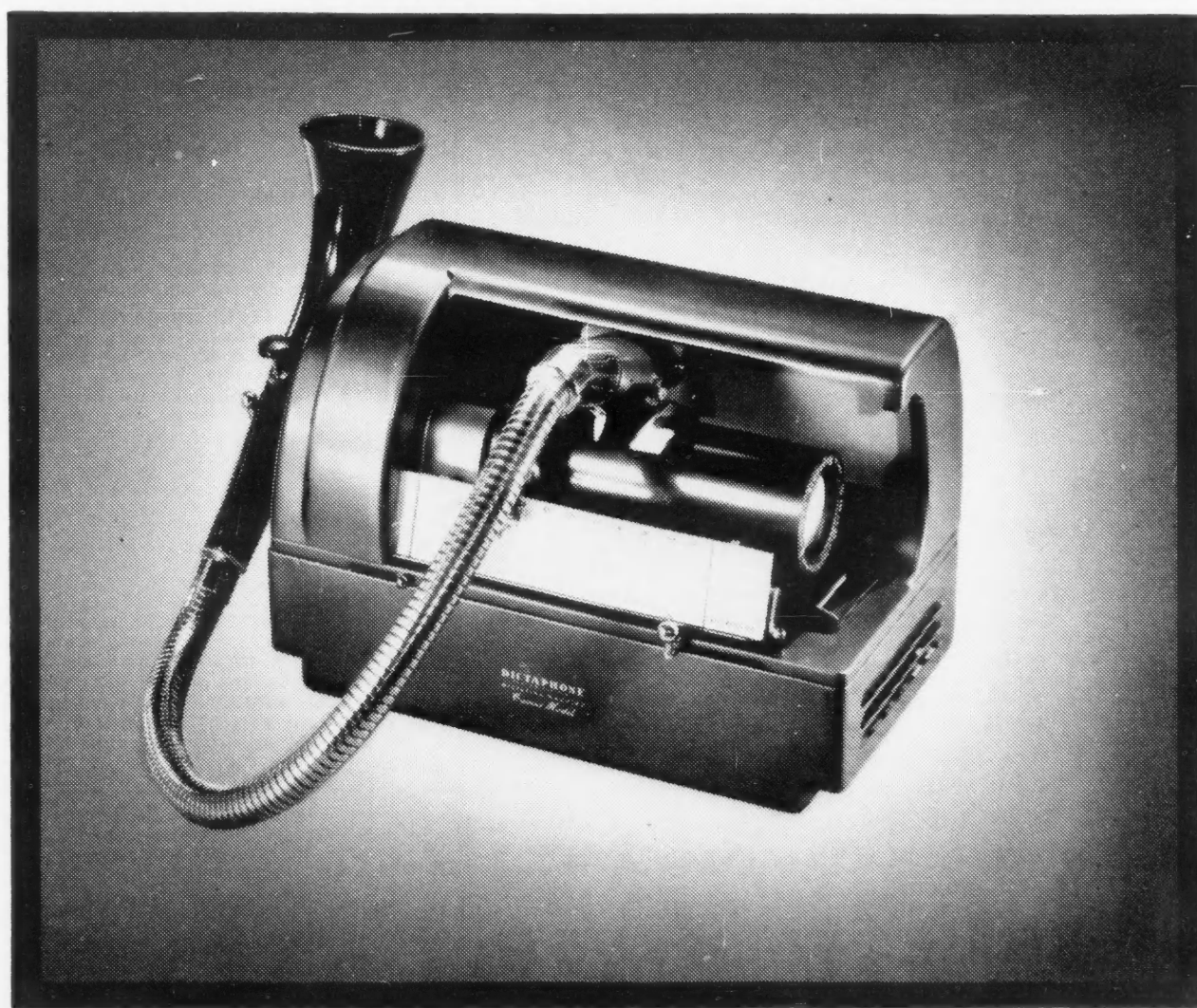
But, then, has she perhaps the saving thought that the totalitarianism of Hitler has at least produced an equality of sacrifice? If she suffers more than the hated English at least all Germans are bearing up under the same hardships? Not a bit of it. Apart from the great Nazi-profiteering racket which has brought millions to Hitler and Goebbels and Goering and Ley and Funk, the sub-contracting system, which has been extended beyond the boundaries of the Reich into neighbouring conquered territory, is filling the pockets of the small employers, who have practically cornered the market in the non-rationed luxuries, and who are mainly

responsible for the rise in small savings, about which the Goebbels' machine is so proud. There is even less equality in warring Germany than there was when that country was at nominal peace, and that is saying a lot.

But the one thing about which the Germans do not deceive themselves is that it is better to be a native of the Reich than a native of one of the Occupied Territories. The food position in Occupied Europe is everywhere bad, and in some areas—notably in Greece and Belgium—it is reaching literal starvation point. The Irish could face famine with a potato in their hand, but this privilege is denied Europe. Germany has contrived to increase her own production of this crop (which has a bigger food value per acre than any other food-stuff) to 65-70 million metric tons. But her human consumption alone is now about 23 million tons, and the industrial call for the commodity has greatly increased. And this is the final food. Of the other staple foods, wheat and eggs and meat and butter, Europe has already been deprived, not so much by direct German depredation as by the implementation of a policy which rendered their production impossible. It was Europe's loss but not Germany's gain, except in the initial stages of sheer plunder.

The economies of the Occupied Countries, controlled industrially through the big Cartel system of the Reich, are organized in a program which does not hold maltreatment simply as a necessary by-product of exploitation, but which aims at it as a desirable end. If a worker in Holland or Poland or any other "attached" state refuses the order to go to work in the Reich he is dismissed without any sort of unemployment payment, and in many areas is deprived of the ration cards without which living is anyway impossible. The small capitalist's investments are converted into new holdings in the German-controlled holding organizations, or are simply superseded by new issues which exercise the sole equity in the company.

We should think on these things, which are a few specimens of the Nazi in his best mood, when he is planning for his own country or being so good as not to massacre the Poles or Czechs he has conquered, when we sweat at the bench or complain, when we come down to break fast after a night of fire-watching, about the lack of eggs. Black Europe has become a hell for the conquered, and is becoming a hell for the conqueror.



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THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly advise me if Page-Hersey Tubes is getting a good volume of business, and particularly any war business. Is the company doing any exporting in wartime? Also, what is the record of dividend payments? I recently bought some shares, noticing a favorable reference in your columns, but have no up-to-date information.

—N. S. A., Quebec, Que.

Your practice is to buy first and check afterwards? Well, sales of Page-Hersey Tubes, Limited, are being well maintained and shipments are running ahead of last year, according to a recent statement by the company's secretary-treasurer. Plants are working exclusively on Canada's direct and indirect war needs, and this has meant withdrawal from the export field, except to such markets and for such special needs as may be requisitioned by the Canadian Government.

For the year 1941, there was a very sharp increase in net operating profits, from \$1,958,383 to \$3,359,463.

After provision for income and excess profits taxes, that was almost three times the 1940 total, namely \$1,847,362 as compared with \$625,397, there was earned on the common \$5.27, which covered the dividend of \$5 a share by a surplus of \$53,687. Page-Hersey net working capital position was quite strong at \$7,009,242, with a ratio of 3.4 to 1. The capitalization consists of 174,276 shares. The company paid \$4.25 in 1937, \$4 in 1938, \$4.50 in 1939 and \$5 since that time.

PHOENIX MOLYBDENITE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can give me regarding Phoenix Molybdenite Corporation will be appreciated.

—N.L.F., Toronto, Ont.

Phoenix Molybdenite Corp. disposed of its property in 1938 to Zenith Molybdenite Corp. on a share-for-share basis. An option was granted over a year ago to British steel interests to make an examination of the property, and subject to this proving satisfactory a stated sum was to be spent on development. Shortly

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area in February 1941, and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be erected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

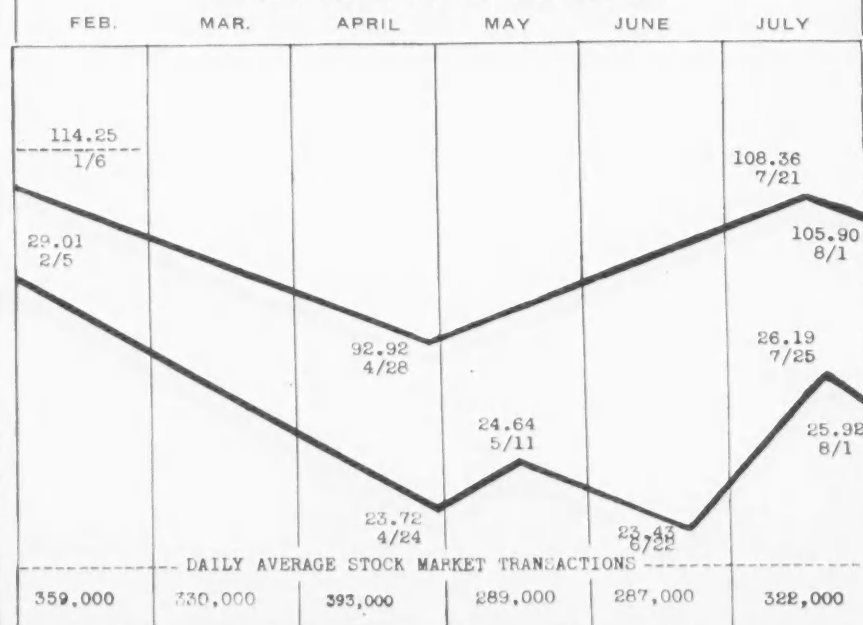
TREND STILL UP.

American stock prices, as reflected by the Dow-Jones industrial average, climbed from April 28 to July 16 by somewhat in excess of 17%. This advance, in its entirety, was divided into three sections. The first section of advance carried from 92.92 to 99.20 and was succeeded by a 2-point decline. The second section of advance carried from 97.13 to 106.29 and was succeeded by a 4-point decline. The third section of advance carried from 102.54 to 108.91. The succeeding decline, so far, has been confined to about 3 points. The current decline, as was true of the two preceding, has been characterized by a lowered volume of daily trading as compared with the previous advancing phase.

In the early stages of the initial advance we estimated the limits to a full technical recovery at 120/125 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. This figure represented the customary five-eighths cancellation of the preceding decline. In the course of the rally that has since followed, we have observed no technical evidences, as concerns volume characteristics, breadth of trading, intensity of movement, or public participation, to suggest that the rise has reached a point of important distribution. At the same time, it must be recognized that there are setbacks of a digestive nature to be seen in every advance and one such setback has recently been under way.

Our Forecast of July 26, written at the peak to the rally, so far, alluded to its eleven-week duration as well as to the substantial percentage recovery, and stated that a temporary consolidation was favored by such considerations. We added that "the best action, therefore, that the stock market could now register would be three to four weeks of sidewise motion, or recession to the 105/108 level on the Dow-Jones industrial average, with volume gradually declining as the movement progressed." Action of such character has subsequently been seen, although it is yet too early to determine whether the setback has run its full course.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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By order of the Board.

W. C. BUTLER,
Secretary

Toronto, Ontario,
July 29, 1942.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

after it was reported the examination had been delayed due to an injury to the engineer who was to make it. Since then I have seen no announcement of further developments. A shaft was sunk to a depth of 205 feet and two levels established, and there is a 100-ton mill on the property.

CONIAURUM MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have a little money to invest and the gold of Coniaurum Mines appeals to me. However, before committing myself would appreciate your advice as to the situation mine-wise. What is the company's financial position and is the present dividend likely to be continued?

—G. J. T., Dunnville, Ont.

The yield of over 21 per cent on shares of Coniaurum Mines, at the current price, is highly attractive and I regard the prospects generally as quite satisfactory. To sum up the outlook, I cannot do better than quote Thayer Lindsley, president, also president of Ventures Limited, which controls it, who stated at the recent Ventures' annual meeting "... although it is difficult to block out actual tonnages at this mine yet, it is safe to say that the present showings indicate many years of life. Altogether, the situation is the best in the history of the company."

The Goldale winze section, according to Mr. Lindsley continues to provide a prolific source of ore. Also, the central section near the main shaft, which at one time had weakened between the 2,500 and 4,000 foot levels, is now coming back in a handsome way, and will become the chief ore supply at depth.

Coniaurum only reports on broken ore reserves and at the end of 1941 these totalled 108,829 tons, averaging just under \$11 per ton. In 1941 the mill handled 186,885 tons from which the average recovery was slightly over \$10. Exploration and development last year was extensive and I understand well over half of all the drifting completed was in ore grading over \$11.50 per ton across a width of 4½ feet.

As regards dividends it is reasonable to expect a continuation of present payments unless something unforeseen happens. Like other gold producers Coniaurum is faced with heavy taxation, labor and supply dif-



GANGING UP ON HIM!

ficulties, but if conditions were normal the outlook would be quite promising. At the beginning of the year net working capital was close to \$700,000, from which one gathers the company is in a position to face most difficulties that may arise.

STANDARD PAVING

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me how Standard Paving and Materials is doing now that there is so little road construction, and the profits per share? How much was paid on the preferred stock last year and what are the dividend arrears on this stock now? Thanks for past favors.

—E. W. B., Toronto, Ont.

With construction of Government airports and flying fields more than replacing the business lost through curtailment of road work by municipal and Federal authorities for the duration of the war, Standard Paving & Materials Limited, enjoyed a further improvement in profits in the year ended March 31, 1942. Total income was up to \$286,874, from \$249,834 the previous year and \$147,619 two years ago and although depreciation and tax charges were again raised, net income of \$85,325 compared with \$74,699 and \$26,804. On the basis of participation, net was equal to \$1.38 per share on the no par preferred and to 13c per share on the common as compared with \$1.30

and 5c respectively the year before and 51c per share preferred two years ago.

The preferred stock is cumulative up to 62½c per share per annum, thereafter to a non-cumulative dividend of 62½c, after which they participate with the common shares up to a further 62½c per share. The full cumulative dividend was paid in the latest year, leaving the stock in arrears 31½c per share.

During the year the company retired 2,420 shares of preferred stock, leaving 50,000 shares outstanding. As a result, there was a reduction in net working capital from \$257,364 to \$199,723. The company is now engaged in a number of contracts and the volume of work on hand is in excess of the work on hand at this time last year.

WOOD-CADILLAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What was the cause of Wood-Cadillac closing down? I have some shares and am wondering if the outlook warrants my continuing holding them?

—G. R. M., Truro, N.S.

Suspension of activities at Wood-Cadillac Mines was attributable to a number of causes. Along with operating difficulties resultant from the war, ore reserves were about all milled; production in recent months not sufficient to take care of operating expenses, and lack of capital needed to determine whether the ore possibilities on the new levels were likely to place the company on a basis where a reasonably steady output could be expected.

While operations had been showing a loss of around \$2,000 a month for some time, the mine, if conditions were normal, might have been able to carry on until the likelihood of an improved ore situation was definitely ascertained, and just when it was found necessary to close down development was meeting with better results. A considerable amount of development, however, appears necessary before the full potentialities of the four new levels will be outlined and the present is a most unfavorable time to raise the desired finances.

A winze was sunk 500 feet to a depth of 1,000 feet last Fall and four new levels established, but development did not get into ore as quickly as anticipated. Recent results are suggestive of interesting possibilities along the main iron contact ahead of the present east faces. The deeper levels are being allowed to fill but, it is proposed, for the time being at least, to keep the workings unwatered to a depth of 500 feet.

MACASSA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate a report on Macassa Mines, as to its reserves, continuance of the present dividend, and if the price per share will advance.

—B. G., Kingston, Ont.

Ore reserves of 507,350 tons, valued at \$8,807,596, or \$17.36 a ton, were reported by Macassa Mines at the end

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of 1941, which at the rate of last year's milling are sufficient for over three and a half years.

The continuance of the present dividend appears reasonably safe. At the annual meeting R. A. Bryce, president, stated the company would continue to pay its regular dividend unless something unforeseen happened. Eight cents has been paid quarterly, and in the last quarter of 1941, a three cent bonus was added.

It is impossible to hazard a guess as to the action of the stock market-wise. The growing pressure on gold producers due to restrictions in supplies, labor troubles and heavy taxation, along with the recent "freezing" order as to tonnage, would appear to shatter hopes of any appreciable price advance in such stocks in the near future, or at least until definite signs of victory is in sight.

Satisfactory results are marking developments at Macassa, with production and profits back to normal. Net earnings are at the rate of 36 cents annually as against just over 37 cents last year, and costs are back around \$5.40. The working capital position is strong, standing at close to \$460,000 at the beginning of the year.

On the lowest developed level, 4,125 feet drifting has opened about 1,000 feet of ore, grading somewhat above the mine average. The 4,250-foot level is yet to be opened and it is not the intention at present to go any deeper. On the 4,000-foot horizon only a small amount of work has been done. The management is not concerned over depth possibilities as at the adjoining Kirkland Lake Gold property good ore is being opened 1,500 feet deeper than the present workings at Macassa.



Big factor in Malta's ability to withstand almost unceasing bombing with comparatively few casualties among her population are the deep rock shelters which by now form a honeycomb beneath the surface of parts of the Island. An interesting fact, revealed in the photo above, is that the services of British coal miners have been widely used in digging the shelters. These men, once employed in getting out "black diamonds" now are tunnellers in the Royal Engineers and by reason of their coal mining experience and ability have proved extraordinarily efficient at removing great quantities of the white Malta rock so that shelters may be constructed in its place. It is said that a single company of these expert tunnellers can remove as much as 70 tons a day.



Pilots in the making are these youthful members of Port Arthur's model aeroplane club. They are here shown watching a demonstration of a gas operated model plane in flight. The work of N. D. Merrifield of Port Arthur, the photo is an excellent example of amateur ability to combine picture composition interest together with the appeal of an action shot.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Control of Insurance Costs by the Buyer

BY GEORGE GILBERT

While business men are more than ever interested in control of costs of operation, including insurance costs, any plan for reducing insurance charges which involves considerable outlay for fire protection or accidental prevention devices must as a rule be justified from an economic standpoint.

By making their buildings fire safe and by providing safe tools and machinery and safe working conditions, many business firms have not only increased daily output but have also effected substantial savings in their insurance costs.

BUYERS of insurance in large or small amounts are interested in bringing down the cost of their protection to the lowest point possible without sacrifice of security, as they realize that insurance which is not safe is dear at any price however low the premium rate may be.

Those who have had experience in placing the insurance of mercantile or manufacturing establishments recognize the fact that any effort to control insurance costs is fruitless unless it has for its purpose some assurance of permanency. They know that it is possible to find insurance carriers who will offer a lower rate for their insurance than they have been paying in the past. That is, they are aware that, despite rating organizations, most insurance risks if presented in certain quarters will be accepted at less than the standard rates, and that this will result in a reduction of insurance costs for the time being at least.

But with this type of control of insurance costs the shrewd buyer has little sympathy as a rule, for, instead of helping him, it creates a feeling of apprehension and nervousness lest he has overlooked the opportunity to obtain a still lower rate from some other insurance carrier, and thus his attention is distracted from the more

effective efforts he could make in the direction of securing a permanent reduction in costs.

According to the experience of many insurance buyers, there is one effective method of bringing about a permanent and progressive reduction in insurance costs, and that is in the conservation of property through the prevention of loss and in the conservation of life and limb through the prevention of accident. Because of this intimate relation between loss and accident prevention on the one hand and insurance on the other, it is essential that the control of inspection and loss prevention work should be placed in the hands of a properly qualified person.

Expert Required

Only a person thoroughly familiar with insurance knows the nature of the losses against which insurance must be carried, and an experienced eye is required to discern the risks and fit the insurance policies to cover them. No accident and loss prevention efforts can produce the best results to the insured unless the same person who is familiar with the risks which must be insured against can direct and supervise every effort made to prevent the occurrence or

mitigate the severity of losses and accidents.

Only the person who keeps the record of the losses can chart accurately accident trends so that the work of conservation may be directed along the lines which indicate the greatest need. Only he is fully equipped to follow the course of loss adjustments because of his familiarity with the insurance policies and their conditions. Only he understands the principles on which modern schedules and experience rating practices are based and is qualified to follow the adjustment of claims under the policies he has arranged.

Beyond these elementary requirements with which most insurance buyers are familiar, there is no trick in the placing of insurance on even the largest plants and business establishments. All that is required is honest co-operation between the insurance buyer and the insurance company representative. But that is indispensable, as the insurance should be the result of the frank meeting of the minds of the insurer and the insured in order to prepare a contract that gives protection which fully meets the requirements of the risk to be covered.

If there is no misunderstanding beforehand of the entire risk covered by the policy, then when a loss occurs which falls within the purview of the intention of the insured and the insurance company there should be no delay whatever on the part of loss adjusters in effecting a settlement on a fair and equitable basis.

Value Questioned

There are some business men who question the value of safety and loss prevention work, as they do not believe it is possible to make much headway in the education of employees to do the right thing in the right way at the right time. But the safety movement is making steady progress none the less, not only in reducing loss of property and life and limb by fire and accident but also in bringing down insurance costs.

Back in 1912, before the safety movement in industry got under way, there were 79 fatalities per each 100,000 employees in industry, while twenty-five years later the fatalities had been reduced to 49 per 100,000. Accident prevention work to be successful must have the sympathetic support of the executive officials of the firm, and the safety regulations and rules when adopted must be enforced.

In the case of one large company, manufacturing electrical appliances of various kind, its compensation cost per employee, that is, its compensation payments and medical expense only, was \$16.52 per annum back in 1927, before it adopted its safety program. Ten years later it was down to \$7.03 per employee as a result of its safety work. Putting it another way, its cost per \$100 of payroll was reduced from 99 cents to 35 cents per \$100, a reduction of 65 per cent. If the same rate of accidents that prevailed in 1927 had continued, the company would have had to pay \$2,785,088 more in compensation and medical expense.

When it started its safety program, its automobile fleet policy, covering about two thousand cars, had a 2 per cent debit, whereas now the company enjoys a credit of about 59 per cent. It goes without saying that this has resulted in a very large reduction in insurance costs.

Handsome Returns

What type of safety work or loss control or conservation activity or insurance service is advisable in the case of any particular company or firm depends upon the nature and extent of the business carried on. The value of any program to the management is usually considered to be nil unless it justifies itself economically. It must be shown in black and white as a rule that safety work pays

good dividends before it is likely to be carried on to any extent. In the case of the company referred to above, and in many other cases which could be cited, the returns on the money invested in safety work have been very large.

Whatever the enterprise or business engaged in, the proven method of control of insurance risks lies in the application of certain simple functions, which are (1) Planning and inspection; (2) Investigation; (3) Consultation. As far as planning and inspection is concerned, it is a fact that the best time to prevent many types of accidents is before the erection of the office building, warehouse, factory or power plant. Errors

or oversights in design may prove costly many years later.

While the cost of changing or modifying design in the drafting room is negligible, the charge for altering construction already completed may be enormous. Therefore a tie-in between the insurance and the engineering groups is essential. By submitting plans of contemplated construction to the insurance experts for their examination, they can be checked for all possible hazards in design features, and recommendations made for their modification which will bring them in line with the approved standards as far as protection against fire and accident is concerned.

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Paid-up Capital	\$16,303,110.00
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Profit and Loss Account	2,697,333.00
Provision for Pension	1,459,980.00
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	76,047,350.00
Sinking Fund and Capital	4,638,989.00
Redemption Fund	2,231,059.00
Accident, Employers' Liability, Etc.	5,128,691.00
Marine Insurance Fund	3,462,644.00
	124,135,656.00
Uncalled Capital	10,008,737.00
	\$134,144,393.00

PREMIUM INCOME

Fire, Marine, Employers' Liability, Accident, Motor & General Departments	\$17,097,368.00
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	\$24,384,625.00



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INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

With respect to an inquiry recently sent you regarding "Term" and "Whole-Life" Insurance, as to which would be the better for one to adopt, I cannot agree with the reply that you gave in a recent issue of your paper. The age of the party inquiring was 37. If he were to take out the "Whole-Life" Policy, his cash value at age 65 would be, as you stated, \$2,450.00. The cost of this policy would have been \$2,888.29, or, a net cost to him of \$433.29. On the "Term" Policy he would have to put in \$879.26, and at age 65 there would not be any cash value, or, his insurance would have cost him \$879.26. On the face of this, it is quite obvious which Policy he should buy. On the other hand, he has saved three and one-half times as much on the "Whole-Life" as he has on the "Term" and he has not had any more protection for 28 years, which was the reason for his taking out the insurance in the first place. If he knew he was going to live, there would be no need for insurance, so why pay more for it than he needs to pay?

In my estimation, a man does not need insurance after age 65, for the reason that he has nothing left to protect in the way of earning power. If insurance is necessary after age 65, why do not insurance companies quote figures for insurance after 65? At 65 a man needs money, not protection, and if he hasn't saved some

money during his earning years to protect him during his twilight years, the amount of money that he could have saved through a "Whole-Life" Policy won't carry him very far. These insurance policies are a wonderful thing if we can pay for them, but so many people between the ages of 55 and 65 have lost their positions and cannot continue these policies and they either draw on them, thereby impairing the life insurance (which should not be because the cash values have nothing to do with the actual insurance) and the result is that they have taken away the protection from their dependents.

The plan that I would suggest, and which I have adopted is this: Term to age 65—costing \$31.41 a year. Save \$71.71 at 3% for 28 years, and at age 65 I will have in cash \$3,100 odd dollars, which is a larger cash value than in your "Whole-Life" Policy. In the meantime I have had double protection. In the event of death the face amount of the "Term" Policy plus the return of the savings is made to my beneficiary. So whether I live or die, by separating my protection from my investment, I have a far better plan. In the meantime, if adversity should strike and I need some money to pay my insurance premiums, I can borrow from my savings plan to pay my premiums without upsetting the protection.

At age 65 I have no more life insurance, but I have at least \$3,100.00 in cash. By that time my family will have grown up and be self-supporting; I should have my own home; and I haven't the worry of paying any premiums on a life insurance policy. To be quite frank, I cannot for the life of me, understand why you should recommend to people that they should have protection and savings in the one contract when you know that they are paying for two things and can collect on only one. If they die, the beneficiary will receive the face amount of the life insurance, but not the savings; and if they live, they receive the savings and not the life insurance.

I cannot understand why any institution should be allowed to keep a person's savings in the event he dies before the savings plan became due, especially when it has no bearing on the life insurance that he is carrying.

—B. H. C., Regina, Sask.

While it is true that the purchaser of the Whole Life policy has not had any more protection against the risk of death than he would have had if he had bought the Term to 65 policy, the fact remains that he may continue the protection under the Whole Life policy at the same rate after age 65 for the rest of his life or as long as it is needed to take care of dependents — and experience shows that many persons still need protection for dependents after age 65 — whereas the rate to convert the Term to 65 policy to Whole Life at age 65 would be practically prohibitive.

If a person knew he was going to live to age 65, he would not, as you say, buy insurance against the risk of death. But he does not know whether he will live to that age or not, or how long he may live after that age, or whether he will need insurance protection after age 65 or not. Accordingly, to be on the safe side, it is wise in my opinion to buy a policy which provides protection for the whole of life at a low rate, so that he has the protection as long as he lives if he needs it for that length of time. Should the time arrive when he no longer needs protection for dependents, he may utilize the cash value to provide additional income for himself or for any other purpose which then best meets his needs.

Your plan of separating insurance protection from savings by buying term insurance for protection and putting the savings away year by year at 3% interest has often been advocated in the past. It was the main argument of the old assessment associations and societies in their competition with old-line level premium legal reserve life insurance institutions. They advised people to buy pure protection only, and to keep the legal reserves or savings in their pockets, as they would be better off in the long run if they adopted that

plan. Such advice seemed all right then to many people, and it may sound all right in theory now. But it did not work out in practice, as all those societies or associations either failed and went out of existence altogether, leaving their members without any protection at all, pure or otherwise, or had to be entirely re-organized on the legal reserve basis, with its savings element which they had formerly so roundly condemned.

In fact, over a period of some two hundred years, level premium legal reserve life insurance is the only form which has stood the test of time. Under this form of insurance, instead of charging a yearly increasing rate to take care of the yearly increasing death rate which accompanies advancing age, a level rate is charged throughout the entire term of the policy, the legal reserve required to be maintained on the policy taking care of the increasing liability while the premium remains the same.

This legal reserve or savings element in the policy, instead of having no bearing on the life insurance a person is carrying, has a vital bearing on it, as without the backing of the legal reserve, the insurance would be unsafe. A person is not paying for two things when he buys a policy with this legal reserve or savings element in it. If a person dies, the reserve having served its purpose of evening up the premium charge, is released and goes towards payment of the death claim. If a person lives and no longer requires the insurance protection, he may withdraw the reserve or cash value and utilize it in a way which may best meet his requirements at the time.

Mines

J. A. McRAE

CANADA'S output of gold in the six months ended June 30th amounted to approximately 2,500,000 ounces, according to a special preliminary estimate prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT. This was less than 140,000 ounces below the level obtained during the first half of 1941.

Material and supplies for use at the gold mines of Canada is reasonably satisfactory at present. This improvement has been brought about through suspension of work at some of the smaller and less profitable enterprises. Also a general policy of co-operation between the gold producing mines themselves as well as with the authorities at Ottawa has developed to the mutual benefit of all concerned. As a result of this, the desire of the government to have gold production maintained is being realized.

Gold mines in the Kirkland Lake district promise to turn out substantially more gold than during the first half of this year. This promise is held out by performances at Lake Shore, Wright-Hargreaves and Macassa in particular.

The indicated rise in gold output in the Kirkland Lake area is expected to go a long way to offset the moderate decline taking place in other sections of the dominion, more particularly in the province of British Columbia.

Gold output from the mines of Quebec has been averaging about five per cent higher during recent months than the rate prevailing a year ago.

All through the mining areas of Canada where I have endeavored to find the pulse of outlook and opinion, there seems to be a general impression that the gold mines of Canada will be a pillar of special strength during the early months and possibly years immediately following a return to peace. These mines will be looked to to absorb the first flood of men to come streaming back from the tasks of war to civil occupation.

I also have before me a communication which reflects opinion in Australia that gold mining in that Commonwealth will also be a pillar of special strength in the period to fol-

low cessation of war. A fund of close to \$500,000 has been approved by the Western Australian Government to help maintain in working order such gold mines as may be forced to curtail operations due to shortage of labor brought about because of the call-up of miners. Financial assistance is being considered for maintaining gold mines in other sections of the Commonwealth.

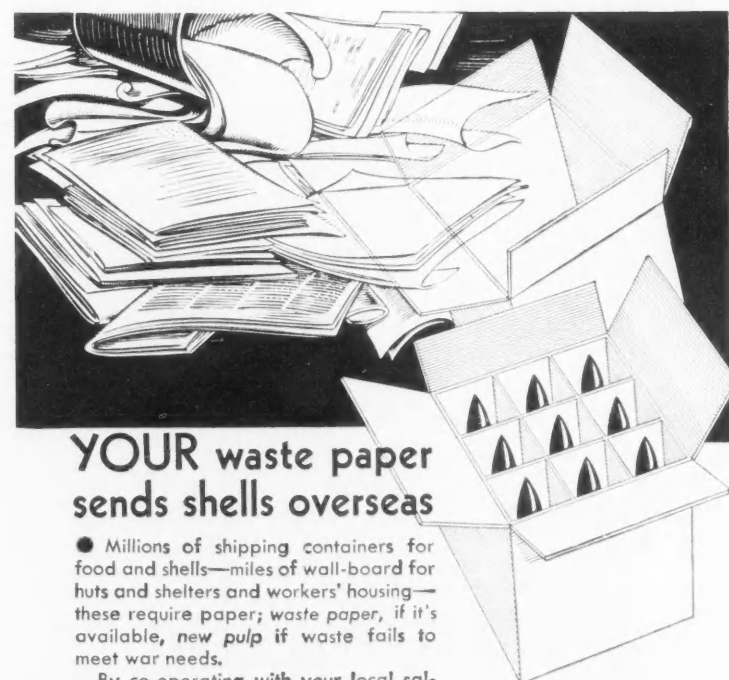
Hallnor Mines in the easterly part of the Porcupine gold area made a net profit of \$493,230 in the first half of 1942 compared with \$645,786 in the corresponding period of the preceding year. Grade of ore declined to \$17.31 as against \$19.55 while costs rose from \$5.21 in the first half of 1941 to \$5.50 in the first half of 1942.

Falconbridge Nickel Mines will be treating around 840,000 tons of ore annually, beginning about April, 1943. The output of nickel at that time is expected to rise to about two carloads per day, or over 75 tons of nickel daily. During this period of expansion the net earnings are low, although a net of 4.08 cents per share

was reported for the second quarter of 1942 as compared with 1.68 cents in the preceding three months. Operating profit rose to \$488,917 in the second quarter as compared with the first three months of this year. The metal inventory was unchanged at some \$1,976,000. Cash and receivables rose to \$3,638,424 at the end of June as compared with \$3,173,980 as of March 31st.

Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co. made a net profit of \$1,830,487 during the three months ended June 30th. This compared with \$1,662,054 in the preceding quarter. Net profit for the first half of 1942 was \$1.27 per share compared with \$1.19 in the first half of 1941.

Preston East Dome is to level off production at an average of about 900 tons per day. The enlarged mill has demonstrated a capacity of 1100 tons daily but regulations recently announced at Ottawa will prevent the scale of operations from exceeding the 900 ton daily average established during the first four months of this year.



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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Yes, It Was a Long Session

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

LOOKING in on Parliament during the dying hours of the session, we found it very hard to maintain our morale. We had seen or heard a claim that it was the second longest session on record, and we wondered if the wrong yardstick was not being used to establish its right to distinction. Mr. Ilsley was in the process, terminable apparently only with the sessional adjournment and perhaps not even with that, of making still further amendments to his budget, so there was little in the immediate picture to engross our attention. We tried to cast back over the months for the recollection of something that we could put on the credit side of a session that unfortunately will not soon be forgotten, and if there is such our memory is faulty. Perhaps some additions have been made to the statutes that may be necessary. And something had to be done about voting money for the carrying on of the war and for arranging for increasing the taxes. But these matters might have been attended to by a bare quorum of the House of Commons—the Senate coming along to add its concurrence—in a few weeks or days. For the rest, this observer shudders in looking back upon it. Long session forsooth! England once had its Long Parliament but it also had its Cromwell. Canada has no Cromwell.

Session's History

Plebiscite. Opposition horror at the idea. Liberal rebellion over the manoeuvre. Mr. King's concern for his honor. Mr. King's concern for the war situation and for the need to free the hands of the Government from his pledge. Mr. Lacombe. Bewildered, insensible concurrence in the Plebiscite Bill.

Interpretation of the plebiscite vote. The vote was not on conscription. The vote was on conscription. The people voted for this. They didn't vote for that. "I would not have cast a 'yes' ballot had it meant conscription." Bill 80 to remove another obstacle to conscription. Cardin. Quebec. Bill 80 doesn't mean conscription. Bill 80 represents no change in policy. Caucus. Caucus. Forty Liberals. Bill 80 means conscription and/or no-conscription. Opposition protest. Opposition indignation. Opposition groans. Opposition concurrence.

Not necessarily conscription but conscription if necessary. No further consultation of Parliament on conscription. No conscription without vote of confidence in Parliament. St. Laurent letter. St. Laurent speech. Cabinet revolt. Cabinet unanimity.

Division bells on Bill 80. Conscriptionist Conservatives voting for bill which doesn't mean conscription. Conscriptionist C.C.F. voting with anti-conscriptionist Lacombe. National unity restored to the satisfaction of Mackenzie King by the confusion of his political foes. Curtain on conscription.

Hong Kong. Colonel Drew. Prosecution. Withdrawal of prosecution. Drew letter. Will be tabled. Won't be tabled. Of value to the enemy. Debate. Opposition outraged. Ministers indignant. Nothing wrong at Defence Headquarters. Headquarters generals and colonels dismissed. "Mob opposite." "I've been Leader for twenty-three years. Who's your Leader?"

St. Lawrence anti-submarine defence. No need for secret session. Secret session.

Lacombe. Pouliot. Pouliot. Lacombe. Anti-inflation. Private economy imposed by law and by taxes which leave nothing with which to economize. Compulsory savings. Four hundred million dollars of non-war public expenditure endorsed in last minute diarrhoeal voting. Tired leaders. Homesick members. Adjournment.

Adjournment! That means more later. Can you stand it? Half a year

and more of it and what have we got? Taxes. Plenty of taxes. A pro-Communist committee report that an anti-Communist Justice Minister from an anti-Communist province promptly scorns. A dubious report on our broadcasting system from a dubiously conducted committee that the Government and an interested public will do well to treat with sceptical reserve.

For Mr. King the session was a repetitious triumph. One of his greatest triumphs. Time after time as a result of his course in Parliament he was in a trap. Time after time he emerged victorious. And in the end he prepared the further undoing of his enemies by his vote of confidence device.

Mr. King's View

But can even Mr. King look back on this session with a quiet stomach? Many times he has assured us that he would not want to stay in office if he did not believe he had the confidence of Parliament and the people. With all his triumphs is he likely to imagine, after this session, that he is the idol of the people? He got his votes in Parliament by placing Parliament in such a position that members had no escape from voting with him although utterly opposed to his course. He will get a vote of confidence if and when he asks for it because he has fixed it so that members have no other choice. He could and may ask the people themselves to vote again and if he does he will have made the position such that they can't vote against him without voting against something for which they want to vote. Technically, the record shows, his every action has the approval of Parliament and the people. The democratic way prevails. Hitler used to get "yes" votes in the Reichstag and by plebiscite, but his method was shorter and simpler. There was no space for a "no" vote on the ballot. Hitler was no democrat. Perhaps Mr. King does look back on the session with satisfaction but it is hard to believe it.

And we have been hearing something more about that radio committee and its posthumous award to Mr. Alan Plaunt of the head of Mr. Gladstone Murray. What we have heard (there is no record of it because such things are designedly not recorded, but we believe it to be so) is that after it had concluded its public hearings and met in camera to prepare its report the committee called back certain witnesses who had appeared before it in public to make a case against the General Manager of CBC. Such secret hearing of evidence from persons who had made it clear at public hearings that they were influenced by their friendship with the late Mr. Plaunt

may cast some light on the obscure and otherwise unexplained statement in the report that "in view of other material placed before the committee" the recommendation in respect of the CBC General Manager was made.

As we implied last week, we are not concerned for the defence of Mr. Murray. But Mr. Murray is General Manager of CBC which is the property of our readers. We are reporting on circumstances attaching to a committee report designed to influence the affairs and fortunes of this property. The circumstances are that two young men who were in a position of close friendship with Mr. Plaunt, who was a member of the Board of Governors of CBC at the time, were given positions on the staff of CBC; that they did not agree with the way Mr. Murray was running CBC affairs and, unable to persuade him to run them their way, they resigned; that this parliamentary committee sent for them and invited them to present their case against the General Manager (hearing part of it in private) and has based its recommendation for a change in the management of CBC on this evidence which, it was apparent from the public hearings, was strongly motivated by a desire to serve their friendship for Mr. Plaunt and their affection for his memory.

The Resignations

This, in part at least, is the background of a report aimed at influencing importantly the destiny of CBC. To this reporter, looking on as a shareholder in CBC, it does not appeal as an adequate background. The circumstances of the original appointments to the CBC staff of these two young men and of their subsequent resignations are more indicative, as we see these matters, of a weakness in Mr. Murray's conduct of CBC than anything they brought in evidence against him. Their friendship with a member of the Board of Governors of CBC was by no means any reason against their appointment to the payroll of CBC but neither could it be regarded as a sufficient reason for their appointment. The fact that they entered the service of CBC with ideas as to its conduct at variance with those of the General Manager seems to suggest that their appointment was induced by something other than their qualifications. And when their insistence on their ways of running CBC clashed with the course of the General Manager and impaired their usefulness they were not removed but were kept on until they chose to resign. It is to their credit that they did eventually resign but it adds nothing to the record of Mr. Murray's management of CBC—although it may be testimony to the goodness of his heart—that they had their own choice of resigning or staying on.



Her Majesty the Queen has been inspecting "WREN" boat crews in the "West Country" in their famous bell-bottomed trousers, short reefer jackets and canvas shoes. When Her Majesty embarked at Plymouth in a motor launch "manned" entirely by the Wrens, one of them broke out the Queen's standard in the bow of the boat, this being the first time that it has ever been flown on a naval vessel. The "Men must work and women must weep" idea seems to be out for the duration in England.

Bump the Ceiling

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

REMEMBER that test of strength three months back between the redoubtable James Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, and the no less redoubtable Donald Gordon, so-called Czar of the Price Ceiling? Roast beef, remember, was becoming almost as scarce as hen's teeth are supposed to be because our fat cattle were trekking across the border for U.S. premium prices. And Mr. Gordon, whose job of keeping prices down would just disappear if there were no consumer goods on which to keep them down, proposed to stop the cattle exodus by the process known as embargo. Mr. Gardiner, who holds himself to be the representative in the Government and Parliament of all agriculturists, among whom western cattle raisers are not least, got in the way. Mr. Gardiner insisted that Mr. Gordon must not interfere with high export prices for Canadian cattle raisers. And politics being in Mr. Gardiner's corner and only beef-hungry John Public in Mr. Gordon's the outcome was what it was. Mr. Gardiner won.

Up Goes the C.-of-L.

Perhaps you thought of it as just another newspaper story at the time, but you might recall it come August 15 or on your next pay-day after that date. If you are an employer you will commence as from that date to pay higher cost of living bonuses, or, if you have not yet been paying them because your wage rates did not call for them, you will begin to pay bonuses. If you are a wage-earner within the meaning of P.C. 8253 you will either begin to receive a cost of living bonus or have the one you have been receiving increased.

And the reason will be that Mr. Gardiner got the best of the issue with Mr. Gordon three months ago. It's that vicious circle of inflation

you hear so much about—or rather, the commencement of it. For the circle is the kind that results from tossing a pebble into the lake: it gets bigger and bigger until it reaches the edges of the lake and stops over.

Because Mr. Gardiner refused to let Mr. Gordon curtail the export of cattle Mr. Gordon had to arrange to buy cattle from exporters at export prices. Then, paying such prices, he had to raise his ceiling prices on beef. Mainly in consequence of this, the cost of living index moved up in June 1.2 points from the October level (more than enough to push up bonuses under the wage-bonus order) and the index for July, on which the regular quarterly adjustment in cost of living bonuses is made in August and which will be released by the time this is read, will show a further rise. Think of Mr. Gardiner.

And Again and Again

That, of course, is only the beginning of the widening circle. Increased bonuses paid and received will increase the cost of producing, processing and distributing all manner of consumer goods (including beef). Somebody must pay this increase. Mr. Gordon may try to have manufacturers and processors and distributors absorb some of it, but he has already squeezed profits pretty thin. At least some part of increased bonus payments to workers all across Canada will have to come out of consumers of goods on which production and handling costs have been raised by these payments. And the more the consumer pays the more the cost of living index will rise. And when the index rises another point bonuses will go up again, and again production and handling costs on consumer goods will go up. And so unendingly.

Now do you remember that Gardiner-Gordon affair?



At a water convoy base on the Egyptian front: these wandering camels, while not "on the strength", get a drink from some friendly Tommies.